

THE ADVENTURES OF RICK THE FINK

BY STANTON H. PATTY (WHO EARLIER BROUGHT YOU "THE NEARNESS OF NAMU")

[RETRIEVED FROM TIMES ARCHIVES, 1983]

The SEATTLE POLICE DEPT'S NARCOTICS UNIT has been using a "SECRET WEAPON" in the GUERRILLA WARFARE of the DRUG SCENE. He is a 16 year-old undercover agent named... RICK. His job was to play the part of a SEEDY HIPPIE and make "buys" from dope pushers. DANGEROUS DUTY IN THE CITY'S UNDERWORLD WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.

RICK DID HIS JOB WELL



He locked up more than a dozen cases for police during his summer vacation. Now he is back in school, with a NEAT HAIRCUT

THE TEEN-AGE AGENT WAS ***NEVER AFRAID***



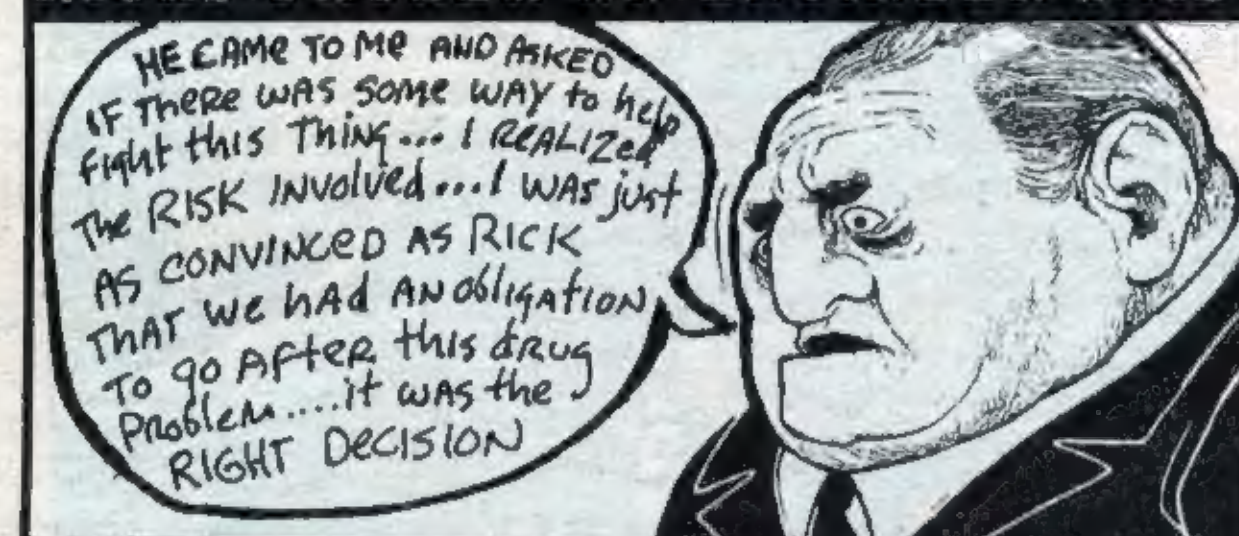
Rick had the FULL BACKING of his FATHER. But his ***MOTHER*** was anything but enthusiastic about the project.

IT ALSO HAPPENED WHEN....



RICK thought about friends in athletics who had damaged their lives with such things as SPEED and... ***MARIJUANA***

RICKS FATHER AN ENGINEER SAID



The father called the FBI. They suggested he get in touch with the seattle police narcotics unit. Police chief Frank C. Ramon and Prosecutor Charles O. Carrol game rick...
****SPECIAL PERMISSION****

RICK LET HIS HAIR ***GROW LONG***



That cost him a place on the school team... He couldnt tell the coach what he was doing.

RICKS FINAL ASSIGNMENT HAPPENED JUST A FEW NIGHTS AGO

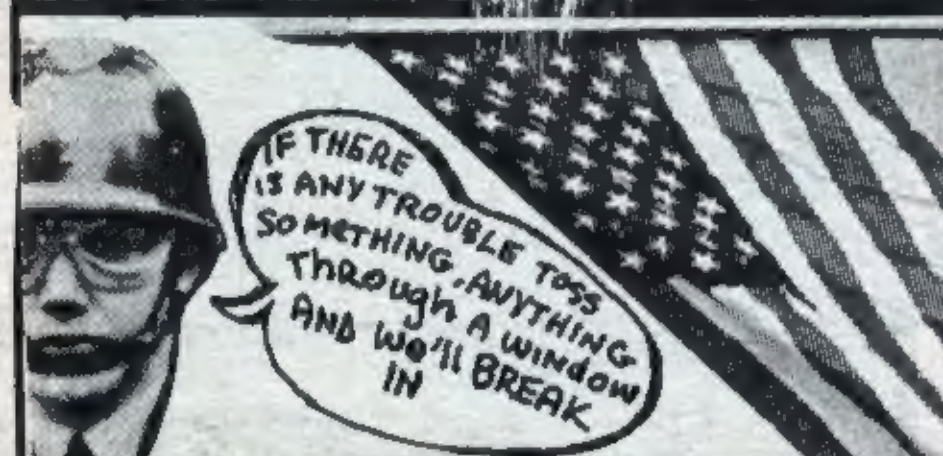
IT WAS A TAUT ASSIGNMENT

THE PLAN WAS TO "BUST" (arrest) a 19 year-old PUNK and his friends..



THEY LIVED TOGETHER in a shabby old apartment house without the formality of a MARRIAGE CEREMONY*****

RICK REPORTED TO THE POLICE STATION EARLY IN THE EVENING



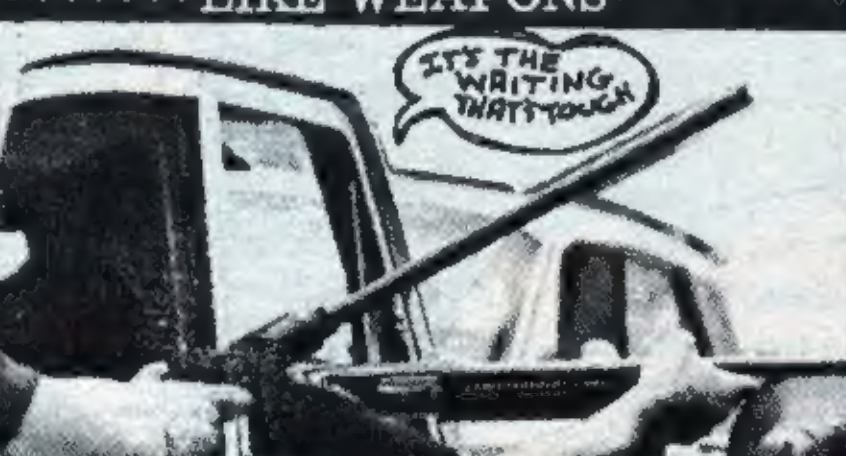
SUPPORT LOCAL POLICE

IT WAS NINE PM WHEN THE DETECTIVES TOOK UP THEIR POSITIONS.



Several hid in a downstairs room. Others parked nearby where with binoculars they could watch the peddlers front window. The drapes WERE OPEN

THE OFFICERS WERE COCKED *****LIKE WEAPONS*****



DETECTIVE SPRINKLE kept his field glasses trained on the window
*****DOW*****

FINALLY RICK CAME OUT..... A FLASHLIGHT BLINKED FROM THE DOORWAY

That was signal we had been waiting for.. the buy had been made.....

ARMED WITH A SEARCH WARRANT



KNOCKED and then KICKED open the *****LOCKED DOOR*****

THE AIR WAS HEAVY WITH THE SHARP ODORS OF...
****MARIJUANA****
and ****INCENSE****



MOST of the MARIJUANA Rick had seen was flushed down the toilet while the detective were breaking open the front door. THEY FLUSHED IT SO HARD THE HANDLE HAD SNAPPED off.

THE OCCUPANTS were place UNDER ARREST and told of their RIGHTS. They included a TINY 18 year-old girl, more than SEVEN MONTHS PREGNANT. She could have passed for 14 or 15. The pad was CAKED WITH DUST and grime. Trappings included psychedelic posters, books on EASTERN RELIGIONS, comics, and stuffed toy ANIMALS.



THE STONY-FACED DETECTIVES WENT ON WITH THEIR SEARCH**



By 11PM the PRISONERS were being BOOKED at the CITY JAIL*****

RICK -meanwhile- HAD RETURNED HOME TO FINISH HIS HOMEWORK*****



****HE SAID WITH A GRIN*****

RICK'S UNDERCOVER WORK *****IS OVER*****

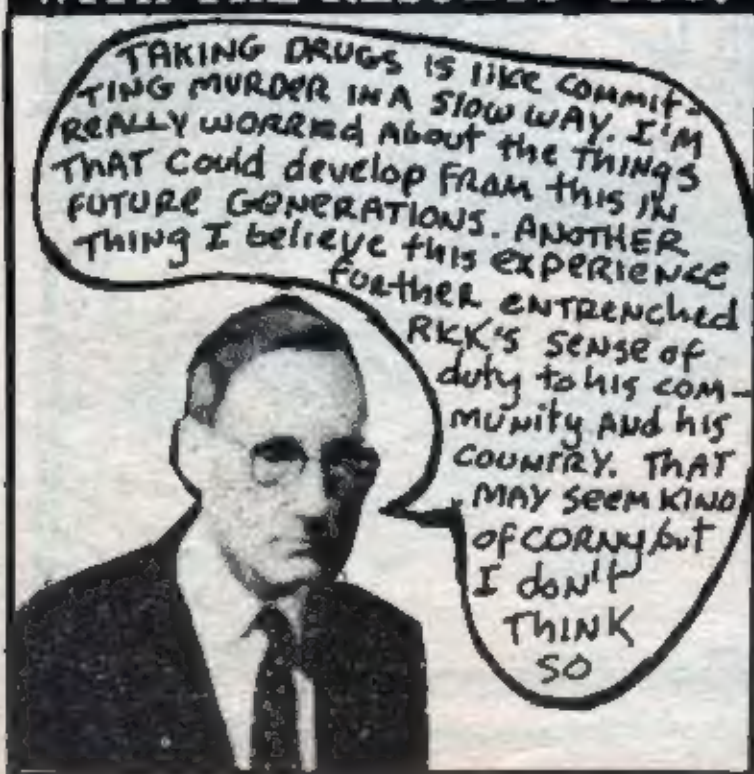


HIS IDENTITY may become known as the cases come to court. But instead of being treated as a hero at school.. he expects to be called a...
*****FINK*****

*****RICK SAYS*****



RICK'S FATHER IS PLEASED WITH THE RESULTS TOO.



BUT RIGHT THEN RICK HAD SOMETHING ELSE ON HIS MIND*****



A HAIRCUT FOR HIS SHAGGY LOCKS

NWEEK





TEACH

Why a teach-in? To end teach-ins! It's a set-up; Resistance Union wants people in the workshops. Educate only to radicalize. Radicalize by getting people involved. Get people involved for Action. Action against the system, against the university, for the new society. Confrontation breeds commitment breeds internal involvement brings self and joint education.

The people must stick together (help each other as we can). A multi-front for revolutionary change? that's what's needed. Brotherhood for all; Blacks and whites together for the revolution. Flower power and people power, let's blow our minds by boiling theirs.

The workshops are interaction scenes -- moods and meetings so that we can know each other and start acting toward what we want, and we know what that is.

There will be workshops on the National Mobilization Call -- what after Chicago? There will be Black workshops for Blacks and whites. There will be one for the high school crowd and one on the University (the whore and how to screw her). Some action in a Draft workshop, and a groovy scene for Radical Women, some things we each need.

Remember: October 16th in the HUB. Resistance to Revolution.

TEACH-IN SPEAKER SCHEDULE

David Harris	9:00 a.m.
Peter Schnall	10:00 a.m.
David Welsh	11:20 a.m.
Tran Van Dinh	12:20 p.m.
Prof. Hillary Putam	1:40 p.m.
Chester Northgarten	2:50 p.m.
Todd Gitlin	4:00 p.m.
Eldridge Cleaver	5:10 p.m.
DINNER	1 hour
Terry Cannon	7:30 p.m.
Cal Winslow	8:40 p.m.
Blas Bonpaire	9:50 p.m.

SPECIAL BENEFIT SHOWINGS OF
"...THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS..."
AT THE RIDGEMONT THEATER OCTOBER
15 & 16... Matinee showings Oct. 17, 18, 19.
To aid Seattle Draft Resistance.

ACID⁴ H³

A friend and I were sitting on the western end of the Civic Center Arena awaiting the arrival of our loyal Vice President when we were approached by three stormtroopers who identified themselves as Secret Service men. They informed us that the black flag I held would have to be removed, and proceeded by taking it. While attempting to retrieve the flag, we were halted by a local pig (Badge No. 2051), and, because of our suspicious behavior (which consisted of whispering, and Jon's having his hand in his pocket) we were then searched. My friend, Jon Warner, was found to be carrying a small bottle of liquid, which the officer, upon smelling it, identified as a strong acid. We were taken hastily to their temporary headquarters in the building. We were again searched as a lawyer was being refused entry, and the rest of the police agreed that the confiscated substance (actually vinegar) was a caustic acid. We were then told by one of those who had stolen the flag that we had at that time been seated directly above where the Hump would have made his entry. As an unusually fat pig laughingly shook his gas canister, we were arrested for attempted assault on the Vice President, and again searched. In order to check the validity of their assumption, they removed my shirt and poured some of the liquid on my back. Then, even knowing they had been wrong as usual, they handcuffed us and drove us downtown, where we were again searched and the necessary paperwork was done. Upon arrival we were each promised a phone call which we did not get until our release about two hours later. Further investigation is to be made. Neither the flag nor my cigarette were returned. On our way out we were again detained by the same pig that had made the arrest. Knowing we had no transportation money, he notified us that if he saw us again that night he would arrest us for curfew violation, whether we were violating it or not. He did.

BRUCE CROWLEY



617 Western Ave.
opposite ferry terminal
and also lower level
Pike Street Market
MA 3-4777

INCENCE of the WORLD
largest selection in town
FREE
INCENCE
WITH
EVERY
PURCHASE

OATH

The Loyalty Oath has come to nest again with the 1968 Election Bird. A very smelly egg

A Seattle Teacher named Jim Tyler has filed suit against King County Auditor Robert Mars over rejection of Tyler's application for a place on the ballot for precinct committeeman of the Northcrest dsitric (the 1st Legislative District). In completing the form, Tyler crossed out the the Loyalty Oath and sent a letter to King County Superintendant of Elections and Registrations, Ed Logan. Tyler's letter stated that he felt portions of the oath to be unconstitutional, while the remainder of the Oath was so vague as to be meaningless and/or unintelligible.

Logan returned the letter through the office of Mars who sent the letter to Tyler with a note explaining that his office was primarily a "ministerial" one, and was in no way possessed of the legislative or judicial powers necessary to determine whether or not a candidate who refused to sign the Loyalty Oath could be allowed on the ballot for a public office. Therefore Tyler's application was refused.



SPOTS

LIBERATE THE FACULTY

A silly, but rather meaningful event happened on campus this week. The UW faculty each received a copy of Fortas' book on civil disobedience, and two very shallow reports: "Causes of Student Unrest and Demonstrations," and "Goals and Tactics of Student Protest." The latter two were a series of clippings from establishment and underground media. Both were mailed gratis by the Executive Committee of the University (faculty) Senate.

Robert Aldrich, the Chairman of this group, states their purpose: "I believe that the interplay of various campus groups—their objectives and the methods of achieving them—will considerably influence the extent of benefit or damage that occurs, and the members of the University Senate Exec. Comm. and I have, therefore, sought guidelines that might be helpful in defining our policies in the year ahead."

Enough said? One further interesting curiosity: Odegard and V.P. Thieme are both on this committee.

* * *

I-A FILES NAPALMED IN MILWAUKEE

Milwaukee, Wisconsin (LNS-Mass.) — A group of fourteen war resisters, including five Roman Catholic priests, a Protestant minister, and a Christian Brother, seized and burned with homemade napalm the I-A draft files of Milwaukee's Selective Service Board Numbers 42, 43, 45 and 47. An estimated 20,000 vital draft statistics were destroyed.

Shortly after closing time the boards, all located on a single floor of a downtown Milwaukee office building, were entered by the fourteen. They obtained entrance by taking a key from Margaret Bowers, a 66 year old cleaning woman. The men filled shopping bags with the vital statistics and ran half a block to a small park dedicated to America's war dead. Having thrown the napalm across and setting fire to the records, the group conducted a religious service as the draft records were consumed in flame at the base of a steel flag pole. Bail for the 14 has been set at \$370,000.

* * *

G.I.'S CHALLENGE MILITARY

Andy Stapp, chairman of the American Servicemen's Union (ASU), has reported that nine enlisted men have died of maltreatment in Vietnam prisons during recent weeks. In addition, a prison riot erupted at Long Binh on August 29, in which one prisoner and five MP's were wounded.

These are indications, he says, of the GI challenges in both Vietnam and within the U.S. He cites the wave of uprisings in Nam military prisons and the opposition in the U.S. to anti-riot training (both of which have been reported in the past).

ASU arranges for the legal defense of the soldier-defendants, and also runs the "Bond," a GI newspaper.

* * *

MEXICO CITY

(LNS-Mass) Estimates of 20-40 dead Wednesday night in clashes between soldiers and civilians in Mexico City alarmed Olympic officials headed by Avery Brundage, enough to meet, but not to change plans for the opening of the Olympics, October 12. At least six leaders of the strike committee were dead, according to several students. Others are arrested, and the rest are in hiding.

The high rise low rent Tlatelolco district saw about 6,000 people at an anti-government rally panic when a mortar fired phosphorus flares and helicopters whirled overhead. Government troops surrounded the crowd with fixed bayonets. Less than a minute after the last flare died, the shooting began and continued for most of the night....

* * *

MORE VIOLENCE IN MEXICO

MEXICO CITY (LNS-N.Y.) — The Mexican student strike continues after a brutal and unprovoked machine-gun attack by government forces on October 2. The attack left 22 dead and 75 wounded. Student sources in Mexico City report that from 500 to 1,000 students are under arrest, many in military compounds, others in jails throughout the city. But the exact number of arrested persons is not known.

The students argue that reports of sniping have been exaggerated in the press; only four cops were wounded.

The police attack came in an obvious attempt to eliminate the leadership of the strike; this is clear from statements made by government officials. The strike is being led by the National Strike Council, with 140 representatives from the departments and schools of the city's several institutions of higher learning. But since each council member has two alternates, there is no doubt that there will be leadership for the continuing struggle.

During the bloody assault of October 2, the police pumped machine gun fire through a third floor window of the Polytechnic Institute, where the council was meeting.

* * *



LEAVY TRIED AND

Judge William Beeks prepared a special show for the Seattle draft resistance movement, October 4. He set up the sentencing of Bob Casey and Mike Leavy to show us all how to reduce our sentences for resisting the draft. Unfortunately for Beeks, however, his actions served only to illustrate to those of us in the courtroom that the courts are nothing more than another tool of the ruling class.

Mike, who has worked full-time for Draft Resistance-Seattle for over a year, failed to report for induction May 21, 1968. During his two-day trial in August Mike rested his defense on the argument that he had been too sick to report for induction, since the judge would not allow discussion of Mike's C.O. case or the legality of the war and the draft. Bob, a member of DR-S, refused induction this summer.

Mike had been scheduled to be sentenced three weeks before. But his supporters had packed the courtroom, and furthermore, Beeks wanted time to look at Mike's juvenile record and the FBI investigation of Mike's C.O. appeal, both of which he knew he could use to justify a harsh sentence.

BECKS BOLTS

This time, Beeks was ready to move. Both lawyers made statements before the sentencing. William Hanson, Mike's attorney, made the point that a felony conviction alone was sufficient punishment for Mike's "crime" and that Mike, as a C.O. hardly needed rehabilitation. The only humor of the sentencing came during Hanson's statement. At one point Hanson mentioned a "felony conviction." Strangely Beeks flew out of his chair. "What did you say, Mr. Hanson?" Reply: "A felony conviction." "Oh, I thought you said, 'phony conviction.'"

Beeks began his remarks by stating his belief in the sincerity of Bob Casey's CO claim, but then offered Casey an improbable deal that would have allowed him to serve 2 years as an Army medic. When Bob declined Beeks entered into a lengthy justification for the actions that followed.

NUREMBURG

"My country right or wrong" was the theme of his opening remarks. Beeks explained how he too hated war, perhaps more than any of us could (?). "I saw Buchenwald, Dachau, and the concentration camps of Eastern Europe? I know the horrors of war." He told us that he too is opposed to the Vietnam war; "but no individual can determine the foreign policy of a nation." All in the courtroom were struck by the incongruity of such a statement coming from a man who helped prosecute German war criminals.

Incidentally, Beeks' political background is of interest. He became a federal judge in 1961, at the beginning of Kennedy's regime, after working as a top aide in Senator Henry Jackson's campaign for re-election. (Jackson, the Senator from Boeing, who wears a 747 pin while on the Senate floor).

Beeks then began a criticism of the attitudes of Bob Casey and Mike Leavy. He said that he had received hundreds of letters in

support of Mike, but nothing for Casey. Casey was termed the "forgotten man."

Beeks' interpretation of the packed courtroom was that all supported Mike and no one supported Bob. Also, Mike had been vocal in his opposition; organizing DR-S and various support demonstrations for himself and others. Bob, on the other hand, (at least according to Beeks) was the silent objector, sincere in his beliefs, but not a "trouble-maker." This was about as subtle a hint about how Beeks would sentence as he is possible of. Despite his ignorance of the facts, this set the stage for his harshness toward Mike.

SENTENCING

As to the sentencing: Casey received two years, of which he must serve at least 8 months; Mike was given 5 years, of which he must serve at least two years, but not before Beeks was forced to clear the courtroom when most of Mike's supporters stood up silently.

The implications of Mike's case are all too obvious: it is not possible to win in the courts if you are active in the movement. Although Beeks said at the beginning of the proceedings that neither Bob, nor Mike was being judged for his associations. The fact that Mike was became unnecessarily clear.

We learned from Mike Leavy's case that a trial for a political crime certainly does not automatically build our movement. In the future we must pick out the root issues in such cases and aggressively bring them to the people.

ARRESTED AGAIN

Michael Porter Leavy, convicted and sentenced Friday morning ("What's that?" asked the judge. "Felony charge," answered the lawyer. "Oh," said the judge, "I thought you said, 'phony charge.'") to five years in prison for failure to appear for induction, was arrested again Friday night in the U district. Little did the group who talked with Michael only minutes before his arrest suspect that he might be DRUNK. Little did they think that merely standing on the public sidewalk could be construed as HAIR-ASSING COPS. But, indeed, the boys in blue seemed to feel themselves particularly hair-assed for they arrested Michael P. Leavy on the spot.

Well, we have learned our lessons. NEVER shall we trust to common sense again when judging whether others are

drunk. NEVER shall we stand silently on the public sidewalk again — for it may be said of us next that we opposed and interfered with the actions of a police officer. And NEVER shall we submit passively to arrest — for it may happen to you as it did to Michael Leavy, that I shall NONETHELESS be thrown against a wall, by getting our necks smashed on a window ledge in the process.

We must, however, give the police their due, each dog its day, etc. Certainly, in their spleen of spleens they must honestly believe that the city would be easier to run were there no people in it (at least none below the \$12,000 bracket). And we must sympathize with their outrage at having to see the likes of Mike Leavy walking free for a few more months; why, one of the very officers involved in his arrest had "congratulated"

Mike mere minutes before on his five year sentence.

Truly, the police are overworked with the multiple arrests of Michael Leavy and his crew? ; so overworked are they that they confuse their own arrest procedures: Asked at the Wallingford station if he would take a drunk test, Michael said, "Only if I'm being charged with drunkenness;" informed later at the downtown station that he was charged with drunkenness, Michael asked about the test and was told, "You said you would take it only if you WEREN'T charged with drunkenness" — ...logical, logical, ... working hard, they don't even have time to go after the REAL criminals. And imagine their consternation when they shall have to hear:

Legalize the Constitution!
Legalize human life!!
Legalize Mike Leavy!!!

ELECTION STRIKE

TOM HAYDEN.

In this election campaign millions are prepared to join in actions that will discredit the major candidates, that prove their authority is crumbling, that dramatize the popular sentiment behind the demand to bring home the troops, and register the fact that, on Election Day, more Americans than ever find themselves disenfranchised and angry. It is our task to develop the program and the support for people who eagerly seek participation in a national repudiation of the Presidential election on November 5. While the government, the candidates and a section of the population shift to the right, massive numbers are moving in the opposite direction. The response of the movement to this may shape the answer to the question that now appears to loom large for the movement: will repression isolate and erode our forces or bring us new strength?

Our strategic purpose is twofold: (1) to register a protest that shows the breadth of peace sentiment which is unrepresented in American politics; (2) to display a growing militant defiance of the authority of the government. These threats to the representativeness and legitimacy of the government, in our opinion, are the actions most likely to force an eventual pullout from Vietnam.

The program that is outlined here is put forward by the National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam, along with other groups. It comes from numerous discussions following Chicago. It is a program that assumes the need to create two, three, many Chicagos while emphasizing activity for people taking their first step outside the system. It is a program that must be shaped by people locally but could provide a national meaning. We think it is a program to be debated and considered, as an election offensive that can discredit the authority of a government which is deaf to its own citizens and railroads an election through America as if Vietnam were the caboose.

(1) CONFRONT CANDIDATES

Where the three Presidential candidates speak this fall, demonstrations should confront and split their sunny speeches with the issue of Vietnam. Candidate rallies should be leafleted and particularly urged to sign pledge cards that they will vote "no" until they can vote home the troops.

(2) NATIONAL G.I. WEEK

November 1-5 is perhaps the first declared by the anti-war movement. Its purpose is to dramatize American support for the right of soldiers to return to civilian life. It is a time in which people can vote for immediate withdrawal of troops from Vietnam, for an end to American aggression and militarism and for support and kinship to the men who are being sacrificed for Johnson's blood debts.

During these five days, we will expose the enormous opposition to the war within the military. Anti-war delegations should visit every army base in the country to talk with soldiers, investigate conditions in military prisons, record and report the grievances of G.I.s. Churches should join in declaring November 3 "Vietnam Sunday," and conduct special services on the war and the forgotten American victims or announce that centers of worship will become sanctuaries for dissenters. Public hearings should be organized to expose the insanity and criminality of U.S. war policies through testimony from returned Vietnam veterans. Airports, train stations, bus depots - wherever G.I.s congregate - should be blanketed with leaflets of support from the peace movement. Demonstrations in support of amnesty for deserters or against symbols of military oppression should be organized. Our hope is to reach every American soldier with our support and our vote against his orders, his officers and his government which forces him to risk his life for the troops, in an election which ignores the hardship and terror waiting for the Vietnam-bound G.I.

(3) ANTI-WAR RALLIES

Massive rallies should be held on the eve of the election, November 4, as a way to bring our movement together so that this election farce will not be seen, at home or abroad, as a fair expression of American public opinion. Monday evening campus and community rallies can take on the form of giant teach-ins as well as platforms in each locality to announce strike actions for election day.

On November 5, we must show the world that our "democratic process" is a contemptible mockery and that a political strike against the Presidential election has wide American support.

Students should close down American universities to join the election strike. Though there may be support for presidential counter-campaigns and various local anti-war candidates, there should be leafletting and picketing of polling booths, and a boycott of the major Presidential candidates. National demonstrations and draft card turn-ins should be organized where Humphrey, Muskie, Nixon and Agnew seek publicity for their act of voting. Evening demonstrations could gather at the candidate's headquarters to inject Vietnam into any "victory" celebration the evening of November 5.

Our election strike should not be a passive, "stay-at-home" boycott of the meaningless Presidential race, but an active campaign to raise the relevant political issues. While boycotting Humphrey, Nixon and Wallace, we vote for independent candidates, we vote with picket signs, flaming draft cards and our feet and bodies. While focusing on November 5, we talk with thousands of people about creating the machinery necessary to broaden the movement after the November elections. While descending on the "home towns" of the major candidates in the thousands, we announce our determination to place the next president in the same crush of public pressure that became too much for Lyndon Johnson last March.

We must argue with American voters that it is Johnson that sabotaged the overwhelming peace vote of 1964 and that it is Humphrey, Nixon and Wallace who will continue to disregard the vast popular sentiment against the war today.

ON TO WASHINGTON

Finally, we look to the new year as a time to assert our determination to stay in the streets and communities of the United States until the troops are brought home and racist and military institutions are changed. We shall descend on Washington with the same determination that brought us to Chicago. National action could focus on the House of Representatives, January 3, if the electoral college failed to give a majority vote to any candidate, or on the inauguration, January 20, if the government seems set to launch another four years of war, political repression, poverty and racism.

GRAPE STRIKE

The California Boycott is continuing to boycott 8 Albertson's stores and will escalate the number next week. They badly need people to picket and work with them to have another chain pull grapes off the shelves. If you are interested in more information, CALL MU 2-8353 or 743-3307 at night. VIVA LA HUELGA! DON'T BUY GRAPES!

REVOLUTIONARIES OF THE WORLD

"The new left attempted its first international meeting (in September) at Columbia U. In general the meeting was a disaster." So says Carl Davidson in Guardian (Sept. 28). He goes on to say that the representatives struggled against "...disruptive meetings, chaotic planning, and purposeless discussion." So now we know that the whole international family suffers from the same disease.

They came from France, England, Germany, Italy, Sweden, Mexico, Canada and the U.S. What came out of the feat can be summarized in four statements: Exemplary Action, The Critical University, Repression, and the old stand-by, Student-Worker Alliance.

There was little agreement on how a student-worker alliance should be performed. The conference was especially plagued by continuous calls for "Action Now," "Into the Streets," etc.

PEACE AND FREEDOM

The Peace and Freedom Party, barely three months old now supports several offices and an increasing membership. There is the parent University District Group with its office at the old Free University at the corner of 40th and Brooklyn, ME 2-2299...c Capitol Hill Group meeting at 718 - 23rd at EA 3-2100 (which is also the 7th District Headquarters of P & F). Groups are also formed or forming at Seattle "U" and Seattle Community College, Mercer Island, Bremerton and Bellingham. The PFP desperately needs all types and shapes of office equipment...and drivers with cars to provide transportation to the Wallace Demonstration this Saturday. Contact the above numbers or call EA 2-0443.

THE COLUMBIA SCENE?

Radicals at Columbia are beset with internal troubles and only some pessimism, stated Randy Furst. He further stated that "With no issues settled and repression in the wind, the ingredients for a major collision remain."

The administration and its new president, Cordier, continue their past misdeeds, and Cordier warns he will not yield. Latest word from Columbia is that Cordier plays with the students while SDS worries about old folks' homes. Word is that he's alienating the rest of the campus from SDS, including SRU (the lib-left group).

With the political casualties from last Spring, and a new and sharp President, the Columbia kids are facing another post-FSM Berkeley scene.

DALEY OUT OF HIS TREE

In response to Mayor Richard Daley's TV film: "What Trees Do They Plant?" members of one Chicago radical community group attempted to plant a "peace and freedom" tree last Saturday in a small city park in their neighborhood. Surrounded by about 30 friends and a dozen children, the first shovelful of dirt was hardly turned when eight cop cars and a paddy wagon arrived. In the ensuing debate, Marty Noone, independent candidate for the Illinois State Legislature, was arrested, as was the tree. The shovel was also arrested. The action occurred in Joyce Kilmer Triangle, dedicated to the author of the poem "Trees."

When members of his group, the Citizens for Independent Political Action (CIPA) went to bail Noone out, they found that he was charged with "planting a tree without a permit."

RADICAL ORIENTATION: GRRRAPE!

A weird gathering of groups on the left occurred at U.W. on October 2. After overflowing one room in the HUB, the group liberated the Auditorium.

A song in the round started the affair:

Nixon, Wallace too,
Law and order is the excuse,
For them to shit on you.

Represented were: Vietnam Committee, Black & White Concern, U.W.P.F. Club, U.W.D.R. Union, YSA, SDS, with voices heard from Soul Search, Grape Boycott and Indian Rights. No Blacks were heard from.

Peace and Freedom sponsored the cooperative venture, which hopefully won't be the last the groups see of each other. Unfortunately, not much new was heard, and one wonders at the effect, if any, it had on any new souls (read warm bodies).

Some funny skits, by Judith Shapiro and by a guerilla theatre group, were followed by some serious rhetoric, by "our" leaders. In the end, we can only hope it gets some people active and moving toward that revolutionary change we sing about with such fervent rhapsody.

Finally, from Cal Winslow: "We must all support Black liberation, by whatever means necessary; we must support the Vietnam people, by whatever means.... Two, three, many Berkeleys!"



The Fish In will begin again in earnest this weekend at Frank's Landing on the Nisqually River (see map below). A month of extensive planning and organizing has gone into this effort to draw attention to the outright violation of the Indian Treaty laws by our state government. Anyone wishing a ride to the Fish In should call LI 2-3648 and come prepared with sleeping bags, tents if possible, and extra food. Food will be cooked communally and will be available to all. The population at Frank's Landing has been growing the last week and promises to swell to perhaps several hundred this weekend.

The Action will begin Friday afternoon when ten nets will be put in the river and guards posted at all three locations near the landing. Walkie Talkies will be used to link the net-outposts. As each person arrives at the Landing he will receive a brief orientation outlining the levels of participation open to him and the possibilities of arrest or non-arrest. The Orientation will also include a short summation of the issues and history behind the Fish-In.

Saturday and Sunday fishing will continue as well as a series of workshops conducted by Indians. Members of the Native Association for Red Power, a Canadian group, will lead one workshop, members of the Survival of the American Indian Association will conduct another. Workshops will cover Indian History, Dance, Foods, Basketweaving, etc.

Contacts have been made with Pete Seeger and Buffy St. Marie and both may appear at the Fish In.

FISH IN



Saturday evening those who so desire, will be transported to Seattle to participate in the Wallace Demonstration. (Sounds like camp Gicheegoomee for Radicals but it isn't.) Sunday at 2:30 the group will hold a rally in Olympia near the Capitol. A registered letter requesting the presence of Governor Dan Evans has been sent. A gold lace fishing net has been reserved for the Governor.

Arrest Information: Of the 17 arrested at the Fish In. So far most of the in-state people have been released on Personal Recognizance...those from out of state have had their bail reduced. The only fishy legal move has been taken against the leaders of the Fish In. Robbie Stern, Hank Adams, Suzette Bridges, John Vigil, Dan Hauser, and Larry Sides have yet to be arraigned or formally charged with any offense. All have posted bail of \$250 apiece yet have received no chance to have that bail reduced or be released on PR. Their arraignment has been postponed several times and will probably coincide with their trial on November 7.

A Bail Defense Fund has been set up and some money is available from contributions for bail. Although those who expect to be arrested are advised to have their bail money ready.

In all, the Fish In promises to be a wet and valuable experience for all, and may eventually succeed in getting legislative review of the status of the Treaty. Again that number to call for a ride is LI 2-3648.

TRIALS



A series of trials, all involving members of the Black Panther Party, began last Tuesday afternoon with rumors that Panther captain Aaron Dixon and Buddy Yates would be arrested as they entered the courtroom. Defense attorney Al Zientz protested any such move as typical of the harassment endured by the Panthers. The Prosecution, Jim Leach, smiled broadly in an innocent, "Who us?? Do a thing like that??" pose and denied any such plans. In fact, a warrant for the arrest charges of petty theft had been sworn out and Zientz's protestations may have averted an "incident."

The first trial was the continuation of a hearing held in late September of the charges against Curtis Harris and Willie Jackson: threatening the life of an officer and resisting arrest. That earlier hearing was fraught with contradictory testimony as Dect. Yorsten claimed Harris threatened to "blow my head off" and Harris claimed to have almost whispered "people like you belong in the graveyard." In any case, the outcome of the exchange was a fight in the courtroom of Judge Manolides between Harris and "several" arresting officers. In that struggle both Harris and Yorsten were MACED and Harris suffered blows about the ribs and face.

The purpose of the trial this Monday was to hear Judge Noe's decision on the case and determine the possibility of filing charges of assault against the arresting officers. In his summation Zientz made two main points: that words alone without imminent proximity of crime can not constitute a threat to life and that the police cannot use their power to punish a man for a reaction they provoke....To convict Harris of threatening the officer's life it would be necessary to define a word or a sentence as a weapon which would be in violation of the 1st Amendment. Harris testified and was supported by witnesses that he had no means of carrying out any threat to the officer and did not even clench his fist in a threatening manner. In fact, a person sitting only feet away from Yorsten and Harris did not overhear any of their conversation. The Prosecution rested mainly on the previous testimony of Officer Yorsten who claimed that he was threatened and felt justified in calling in a dozen or so plainclothesmen to help him make the arrest.

Judge Noe began his judgement by stating that he could not dismiss the case for it was a violation of City Ordinance 16046. The complaint against Harris was valid, he stated referring to a Supreme Court decision (Schplenski vs Maryland) which determined that "the right of free speech is not absolute," that speech which "may lead to a breach of the peace..." which "contains no expression of ideas or opinions..." is not protected by the First Amendment. Judge Noe also stated that Dect. Yorsten did not overreact in calling for outside help. Curtis Harris and Jackson were found guilty as charged, and motions to file criminal complaints against the arresting officers were also denied. Sentencing for the two will be on October 18.

Earlier in the day, while defense was held up by a late witness, Judge Noe heard arguments on the charge of possession of concealed weapons which were filed against Harris on July 10. The investigating officer, Sgt. M. Schlessman, testified he received a call from another police car that "a man with a gun in a red Mustang License No. XYZ had threatened an officer," and that the car had just left 17th and Union. Schlessman and three other police men received this call while cruising slowly past the Blue Post tavern which is located at 17th and Union. They turned the corner saw the red Mustang parked near a gas station, pulled in, asked the occupants of the car to get out, searched them, searched the car, and found a knife and a weighted rubber hose. At no time were the occupants informed of their rights and at no time was any mention made of any threat against the life of an officer.

Harris testified that at no time had anyone in his car made any threats to an officer, that the gun in question was in possession of a man inside the Blue Post tavern, that when the man started shooting the gun he and his friends left the Tavern, went to his car across the street to watch what happened Harris said that instead of investigating the shooting in the Tavern, two or three squad cars immediately surrounded his car and shined their lights on him. The Officer Schlessman drove onto the scene, searched and found the weapons.

Zientz called the actions of the police a "plain old fashioned roust..." and termed any search without valid grounds for arrest and without a warrant an illegal search. "The police cannot justify an illegal search by what was found on that search..." In this case, Judge Noe referred to a recent Supreme Court decision (Terry vs Ohio) allowing an officer to conduct a search of outer clothing only to prevent personal assault. Any further search must be "incident to a lawful arrest." The motion to suppress was granted and the charges were dropped.

Yet another Panther, Gary Owens had his trial on Monday in the court of Judge Soucoup. Charged with disturbing the peace and assaulting an officer, Owens pleaded not guilty; Chris Young was his defense attorney. The officers claimed Owens yelled "Pig" at them and later when they tried to talk to him he yelled wildly again and pushed one of them into the street. Owens and his witnesses testified that he did yell at the officers but that he did not push anyone into the street, rather the officer fell against him and Owens put up his hands as protestation. At one point the prosecutor tried to enter a copy of the HELIX containing a story signed by Owens as evidence of his admission of guilt. The HELIX was not allowed as evidence for testimony by HELIX news editor Tim Harvey proved that Owens' story had to be rewritten and edited in parts due to the illegibility of the original copy. Owens was found guilty of disturbing the peace and asked to forfeit bail to \$25 which does not constitute a conviction. The charge of assault was dropped.

WALLACE DEMONSTRATION SATURDAY NIGHT



CALL ME 2 2299 OR EA 2 0443

As a result of more than a dozen telephone calls from parents, school officials Wednesday noon canceled a proposed classroom appearance at Kent-Meridian High School by Walt Crowley, Seattle Peace & Freedom Party member.

Campbell said that he "does not teach or condone any illegal act or disrespect for the law." He said he feels that "if Kent youngsters are allowed to hear these viewpoints in an organized and controlled manner, they are better able to cope with them when they meet them later."

"This is the most fractional year in the history of our country. We have been investigating the political traditions of our country, trying to develop perspectives that would allow these students to view the various third-party candidates in perspective" said Campbell.

He said in the past five or six years he has been teaching similar courses he has had many candidates and political figures appear in the classes, including some that represent the "New Right" and had never received any complaints.

The teachers propose to have a series of viewpoints expressed to the same group of youngsters before Nov. 5, said Campbell. The series would include Crowley, Police Chief Dave McQuery, speakers representing the John Birch Society and Gov. George Wallace, and representatives of the Republican and Democratic parties closest to the election date.

School Director Lee Purdy, who said he also had gone to the trouble of obtaining a copy of the paper, stated "I feel Helix is a bunch of smut and filth, and I wouldn't want this person in the same county with my children. I seriously question the judgment of those who invited him to the school."

Hurst said that if any political discussions are to be allowed in the schools, this type of person still had no place in them.

A pallid young man with long brown, glossily clean hair, sideburns, mustache, and steel-rimmed granny glasses, Crowley wore a shabby fatigue jacket, with clean yellow turtle-neck sweater and chain. He did not have his own transportation from the University District and back, and had arranged for a ride out to Kent.

"If you allow this to happen, I personally will swear out a warrant for your arrest," said Crawford, who previously went to court against the school district in relation to its health education, charging the schools do not teach enough about the dangers of narcotics.

Foiled again!

The sinister forces of democracy have been exorcised. Through the mysterious rites of collective constipation the flag does yet wave o'er that bastion of boobdom, Kent, Grunt, wheeze.

The Antichrist, in the form of one Walt Crowley, well-known militant nihilist from Portland, sought to inject political pollutants into the cultural mainstream of this peaceful hamlet. Among the devious tactics employed by this Monster of disreputable character and his liberal lackeys, was an attempt to contaminate the virgin minds of the Youth with the seed of reasonable doubt.

Scheduled to speak to an unsuspecting class at the Kent-Meridian High School last October 3rd, Confidential sources reveal that Mr. Crowley's topic was to be the Satanic Doctrine of Social Evolution and Revolution!

The school was bombarded with the purifying rays of parental paranoia in the form of telephone messages. Moments before the Beast was to spring his trap, School officials cornered him in the Faculty Lunch Room. Confronting his hypnotic gage and his barbed (also forked) tongue, the Faith of these brave men and women was severely tested.

They were weakened and led against their will into the Pit by his evil logic. He deceived them into believing that local Patriots were the true enemy and not him. Woe to those of little faith!

But even he finally recognized defeat, noting that were he not to speak that day, he would never again gain access to our youth. Neither he nor his countless missions.

Their will strained beyond endurance, the Teachers of our youth partially relented, scheduling him for October 10th. But this Creature of Darkness, bitterly savoring the meal of young minds that was never to be his, slunk back into the night.

Faithful Patriots moved quickly to consolidate their victory. Only through their courage and resolution was the Green River Valley saved from civilization and our children shielded from enlightenment. Mr. Crowley and his kind will never speak to any class in our School System.

By appearing only twice, however, Mr. Crowley has caused irreparable harm. His very presence turned Father against Son, young against old, brother and everybody against the School Board. The incidence of immorality quadrupled during this brief encounter and some were actually seen to engage in Rational Thought, the supreme sin.

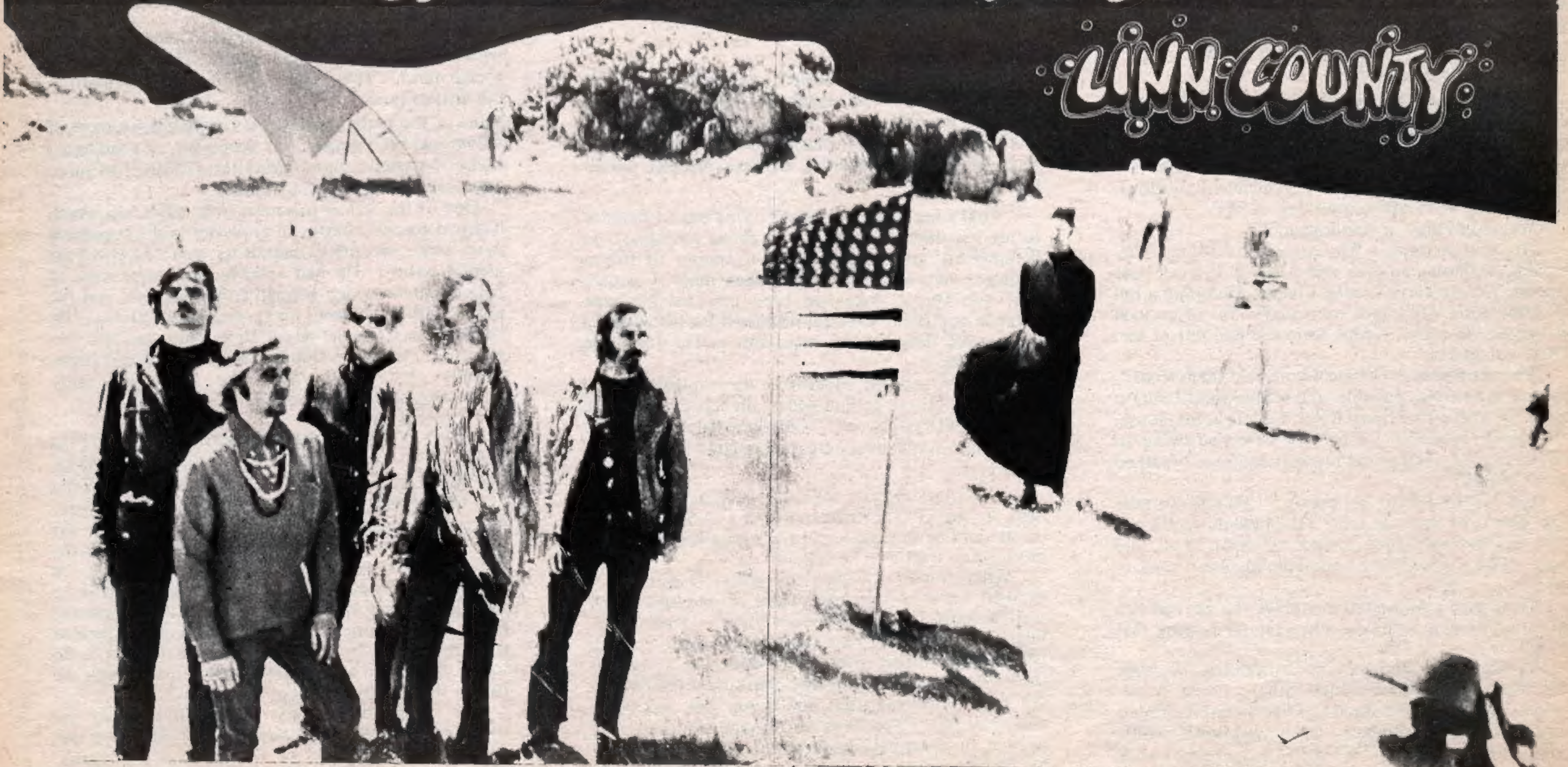
But fear not, ye Faithful Ones! A purge will soon be initiated, that our community might be finally cleansed, and a detachment of God's Finest, the Chicago Police Force, are on their way to guard us against future attack. Democracy will have to look elsewhere for its victims. We are safe.

One can only imagine what Mr. Crowley is thinking now. How great must be his disappointment; How deep his bitterness!

7

PROUD FLESH SOOTHSEER

LINN COUNTY



WAREHOUSE OF MUSIC

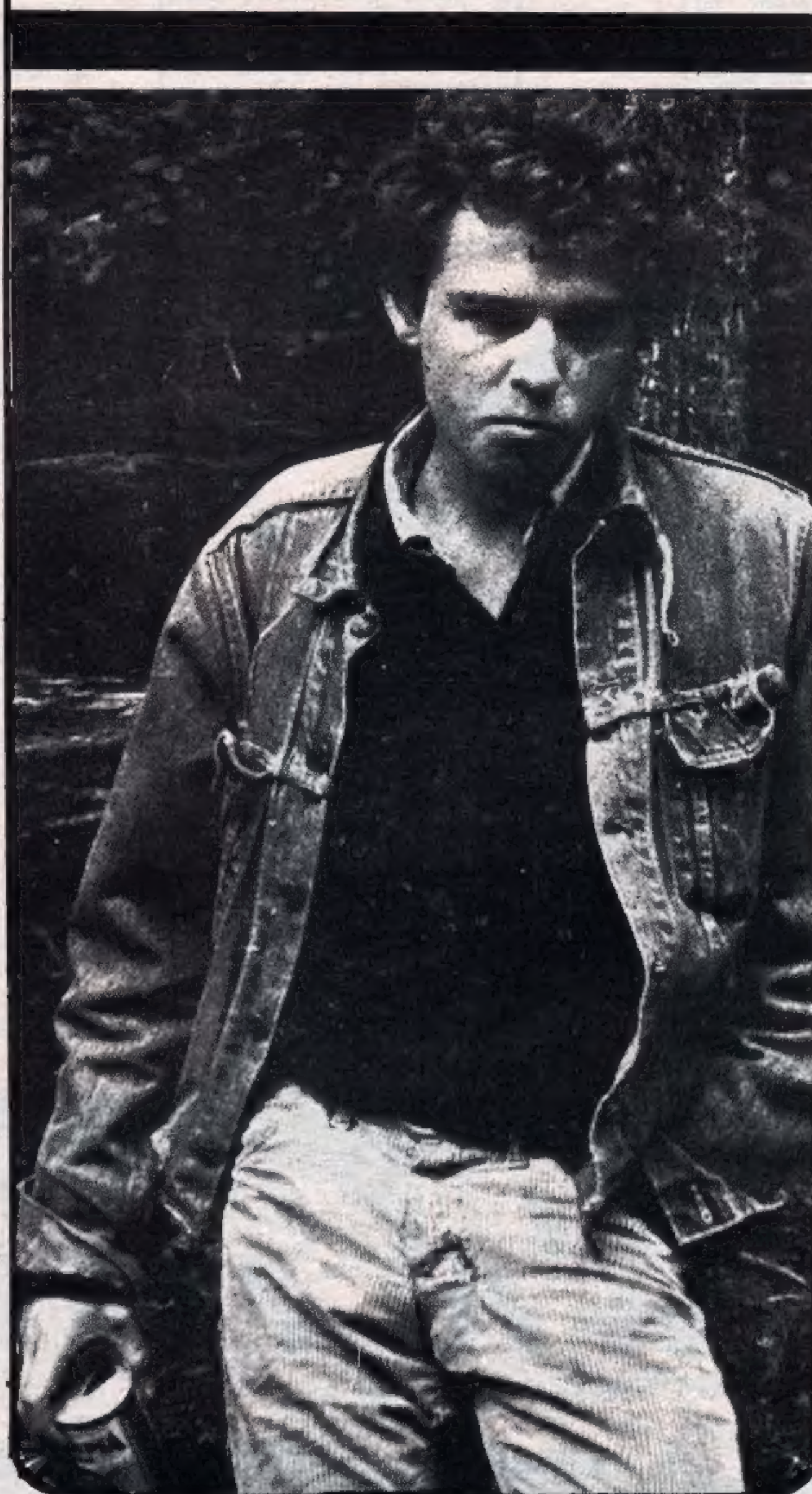


8

DUMPTRUCKBABY



MY FIRST BUST

JOHN
CUNNICK

It was pretty much an impulse crime. Someone suggested that I talk to ex-prisoners about the conditions at the city jail and I thought about doing that, but the PI had already been there first; and besides, Hearstlings view-with-alarms carry better than mine, so I called up the ACLU:

"Hello, American Civil Liberties Union."

"Uh, I write for Helix, and I was thinking of doing an article on the city jail and what would you say is a good bust?" They weren't too sure and advised me to call back the next day. Not wanting to plunge into a life of crime without lopping a toe in first, I waited till the next day, and called again. This time I got to talk to a connoisseur of busts: I learned about the no-crime crimes like following the police around and looking suspicious till they ask me for an ID, refusing then to show them any. (One isn't required to by law.) Also the Seattle cops have recently taken to arresting people for trying to bum a cigarette. Refuse politely to answer questions...

I'd been thinking about a bottle of wine and a dirty song; however, I can't sing and have forgotten most of the words to "Upon the Good Ship Venus," while hangdogging around after beat cops or dashing up to hit some late night waitress for a cigarette at a bus stop lacks dignity. Somewhere between these two extremes, however, lay the premeditated and malicious Harmonica Violation. In the words of the court record, I did "willfully and unlawfully play an instrument for producing sound, to wit, a harmonica...in such a manner as to disturb the peace, quiet and comfort of the neighboring inhabitants...." All of which is contrary to an ordinance governing the "making of loud, unnecessary and disturbing noises..." at the corner of 42nd and U Way.

I was first alerted to the presence of police by the loud rattle of a nightstick bouncing down the street in front of a butterfingers cop. I looked up.

"Hey, cut out that noise! Don't you know it's after ten o'clock?" I pocketed my harp and played jug noises in my cupped fist till they went around the corner. (The Court Record described this as "continuing to play harmonica but at a reduced volume..."). I took out my harp again, and ten or so minutes later I saw the cops return. They went across the street and out of my field of vision, coming toward me: WILD ELEPHANTS CHARGING, BOATS & AEROPLANES CONVERGING AND LYNDA'S KNEE MOVING FOR HUBERT'S GROIN - I have an almost pathological fear of police, my body tensed tighter and tighter till, when they were maybe ten feet behind me, I convulsed in a reflex spasm, letting out an involuntary "HOO" and spinning half around. One policeman ran up and tagged me on my arm. "You're under arrest." I made IT!!!

"Why did you continue to play after we had told you to stop?" [Quotes are pretty close.] I didn't know what to say, I couldn't tell them I wanted to write an article exposing them, so I decided to act like a Double Clutch in E Flat Psychedelic Full Blown Crazy on my 98th consecutive day of STP.

"Wanted to play m' harmonica..."

"Are you on Junk... Why are you trembling?" My leg was oscillating an inch and a half at 15 cycles per second, like an early Charlie Chaplin Humping a hill of Army Ants. My hands went maybe 1/3 of an inch at maybe 70 cycles - cops scare the hell out of me. They searched me.

"Five harmonicas...where'd you steal them from?" I acted as guilty as possible, and at this point Laura B came by with a sixth harp which I'd left at her house. "Unclench your fist. I'd hate to have you swing on my buddy." I unclenched my fists and they breathed a sigh of relief.

One cop turned to his buddy, "Should we take him down, or just cite him?" It suddenly struck me that they weren't going to take me down at all, and were trying to scare me. The second one turned to me.

"If we give you a citation and let you go, will you go home or will you stay and keep on playing that thing?"

"Probably stay and play m' harmonica." So they called for a patrol car and I felt rather relieved. As the patrol car pulled up I asked the two arresting officers for their badge numbers. One complied (faithful public servant 2129, and a Credit to the Force) while the other muttered:

"I ain't givin' you nuthin'!" and gestured for me to turn around to be handcuffed (and, incidentally, making it possible for me to read his hat badge.)

I was driven down to Wallingford Precinct, where I was searched in a hall while various policemen passed behind me.

"What's her name - Madge?" This was a reference to my hair (which ends an inch above my collar). As Wallingford must see at least a couple of dozen people a day with hair longer than mine, I assume that the 'Madge' joke had been invented by some creative cop (who was later dismissed for instability?) and passed down by his successors as The Joke One of Us Made.

"Better check his underwear, there might be a lid in there..." From behind and to the left of me. Then, "yeah, a WOODEN one!" Goddamn gales of laughter - a phallic double entendre, pretty good for an ad lib, For a cop.

I was checked for tracks. The Man asked if I was high on "junk." I assured him that I didn't use junk, crystal and hadn't used acid for a long time (all true) but he didn't act as if he believed me.

"What's this?" (A seed, by golly. O shit and I thought I'd gone over everything so carefully.) One seed is pretty much useless to them - it has to be fertile, as sterile ones are used in bird seed - but he began rhapsodizing over the wonderful things his laboratory could do with one seed til, by the time he got into full swing, that one brown ball was being cherished like a zygote in an anti-abortion pamphlet written by a celibate jesuit who had been conceived by incestuous rape, and very nearly not born at all.

The police consistently tried to frighten prisoners - everytime I and my longhaired cellmates were moved to a different cell (after I'd gone downtown) someone would stick his head in and shout, "Man, the barbers are going to be busy today!" Though I'm told they only cut hair after conviction or with long term incarceration. I heard two police jokes (and THE ad lib) all the time I was with the police, but those two were used over and over.

Being at least as chickenshit as the police were dumb, I remained polite through out the whole experience. (It might be a significant point. If an evil sorcerer magicked me into a cop, gun or no gun, I doubt that I'd last for more than 24 hours of putting my head in the sort of scenes police have to get into. As long as society retains its predilection for violence, any large number of men that can be found with the courage- use another word if it offends you-to be police will probably have the various other qualities that seem to go with the job.) You're a stouthearted symptom, 2129. Your buddy sucks wooden riotgun barrels.

Finally I was rehandcuffed and taken Downtown. On the way, one policeman began discussing the fact that I had been found to possess no less than six matchbooks (I had read about running out of matches and tobacco while in the clink) which he ascribed, with great paternal seriousness, to an acid burned brain.

Downtown, mugshot, X-rayed (for TB) and fingerprinted, I was stuck in the drunk tank with twenty-eight people, and twenty-eight zillion crabs, lice etc. In a room 25 of my (11") bootlengths by 17. It was somewhat narrower by the toilet which stuck out in the open without even a plastic toilet seat top to keep the chills & foggy foggy miasmas from my poor ass. On the floor were loose sheets of toilet paper-on which one kid, myopic microbe hunter & scientific hope of the love generation-found five crabs. A single sheet of toilet paper...Someone else began bitching about being "thrown in with these goddamn winos." Did ya ever see an article on winos in Life: I tell you Huck, a wino ain't Sheeit when compared with a honest to Injun A-head go go lovely!

It wasn't brutality, but it wasn't very nice. I still have a cold, and after lying on the cold floor for half an hour-there were no benches or blankets-the side of me next to the concrete was cold to the touch. Some of the prisoners looked to be seventy years old, and there really isn't any excuse for laying that kind of thing on them. There was a small space in the middle of the floor, but most people tried to sleep next to the wall and they were packed next to each other. Wool blankets, cheap army surplus, would have helped a lot.

When I walked in I was warned about the place where I had intended to sit down, "The wino there is a crab farm." There were seven or eight of us from the district (and

some of the crabs wore flowers in their legs), most of whom had been arrested for sleeping in an abandoned house. I passed around cigarettes. (Having had more advance warning than the others.)

One of my fellow prisoners, with short hair which had just recently begun to grow out and a brandnew moustache, identified himself as a recent two year mental patient. He had arthritis and some sort of hallucinations which seemed to bother him, and the police had taken away his (prescription) Darvon. He began calling for the guard to get him his pills. No response. Finally he stood on the cell door and began literally rattling his cage. The noise was fairly impressive, and finally a cop came over.

"Cut that out!"

"YOU GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING PIG COP SON OF A BITCH, I NEED MY PILLS COCKSUCKER, I'M SICK GODDAMN IT AND YOU SIT ON YOUR ASS OUT FRONT...." There were whispered congratulations when he finished. I was sure I was going to see some kind of brutality, but the cop contented himself with a don't-tell-me-what-to-do and finally decided that he wouldn't get anywhere with arguing with the prisoner (who, I later learned, had spent six hours in a padded cell for refusing to sit in a chair when ordered to do so by the police) and finally took out his key and the two of them went off to cop the Darvon.

The closest thing I saw to brutality during the whole trip was a voice shouting down the hall at one point, "Move your ass or I'll give you a hairrub!" Whatever that might be. Sounded like certifiable UPS

—cont on p.9

MY FIRST BUST [con't fm p. 8]

CUNNICK

brutality, but if it came off, it wasn't within earshot.

I spent some time talking to a very gentle black cat named Frank who'd just gotten back from Korea, land of cheap grass. He mentioned that he'd like to go back some day, though out of uniform this time. Down the hall a drunk shouted, "White cop called me a nigger, I'm a NIGGER and proud of it. I sleep with white women, white cops sleep with black women, Indian women, Chinese women, all kinds. I'm a nigger, cop called me a nigger and I'm proud...." People kept shouting at him to shut up, and one spade shouted, "You ain't no brother, man, you just wish you was...." From the drunk's voice, it might have been true.

It was the first time I'd ever really talked to winos. I'd run into them on the street, but then they were either too far gone to say anything rational, or sober, and shucking and conning to get drunk. It was really surprising: one old man had worked in mines all over the country, had worked as a chokesetter, set up ski camps for WWII ski troops and described how he'd gotten up one day, decided he had to see Canada once in his life, and he and his buddy who had a car had just split—at an age when his straight contemporary plans two weeks before a camping trip. (He might have been bullshitting, but he discussed the problems of getting a work permit with a Canadian cellmate as if he knew what was happening.)

Without exception the winos were quiet, gentle and ready to offer a stranger a hit from their cigarettes. They had been places and done things & I felt a little pale and flower childy around them.

I lay there all night. The next morning we were given two slices of bread stuck together with butter, coffee (I found a bug in mine, drank it gratefully anyway) and some sort of foul synthetic mush in milk which I might have eaten after four or five days of starvation. Maybe not.

We were afterwards taken to a room to discuss the possibility of getting out on Personal Recognizance bail, but I hadn't had an address long enough. When I mentioned working for the Helix, the lawyer asked me if I knew Robbie Stern, "He was one of the people who got this program going last year." Thank you, Robbie, wish I'd had an address. Try for

blankets in the drunk tank next time, baby.

While we were discussing bail, a man came in, looking like a brutal but honest cop from Mickey Spillane, and strutted around complaining about how long the whole PR thing was taking, all the time holding a cigarette stub — it couldn't have been longer than an inch — in his mouth as if to stabilize his scowl. I never figured out who he was, but he LOOKED like a Prosecutor (or like my idea of one); born to prosecute, bred to prosecute, and as if nothing could ever stop him save possibly being struck blind by a vision of the Psychedelic Stranger while on the road to court.

Finally, they put us in a room resembling a YMCA locker — five times as long as it was wide, with brown tile walls, tiny translucent cubical windows and long wooden benches — where we sat awaiting trial.

Across from me was a nervous looking cat in mod checks. He leaned over and asked, "What can they do to you for bunco?" It struck me as a little bit strange; I couldn't imagine a successful con man with hair that long. It turned out that he had sold two lids of catnip to a cop, and felt his arrest was acutely unfair: "He burned me just as bad as I burned him...." When the living-in-an-abandoned house criminals discovered the nature of his crime, they weren't sure whether to be unfriendly (a burn artist is a burn artist) or to consider the fact that the man burned was accidentally a policeman (no burn artist, even robbers and abusers of orphans and widows, can compare with a man who will falsify friendship to rob someone of ten years of his life.)

After the house squatters had been tried and acquitted, the man at the door of the YMCA room called out my name. I went through the door, and VISION OF VISIONS: There stretched a courtroom, no wooden benches or paintchipped doors, but real carpets and the barbaric Cinerama lobby splendor of a — admittedly rather low grade, as I was a low grade criminal and winos aren't too hi — real American courtroom.

I wasn't sure which way to walk — it was really sort of impressive after all night in a cell, and I had been expecting another twenty feet of worn institutional corridor when the courtroom

materialized. Brief flash of a small boy on a grey, muddy L. Frank Baum cornfield suddenly discovering DMT in the cornsilk. What it can do is surprise you, is what.

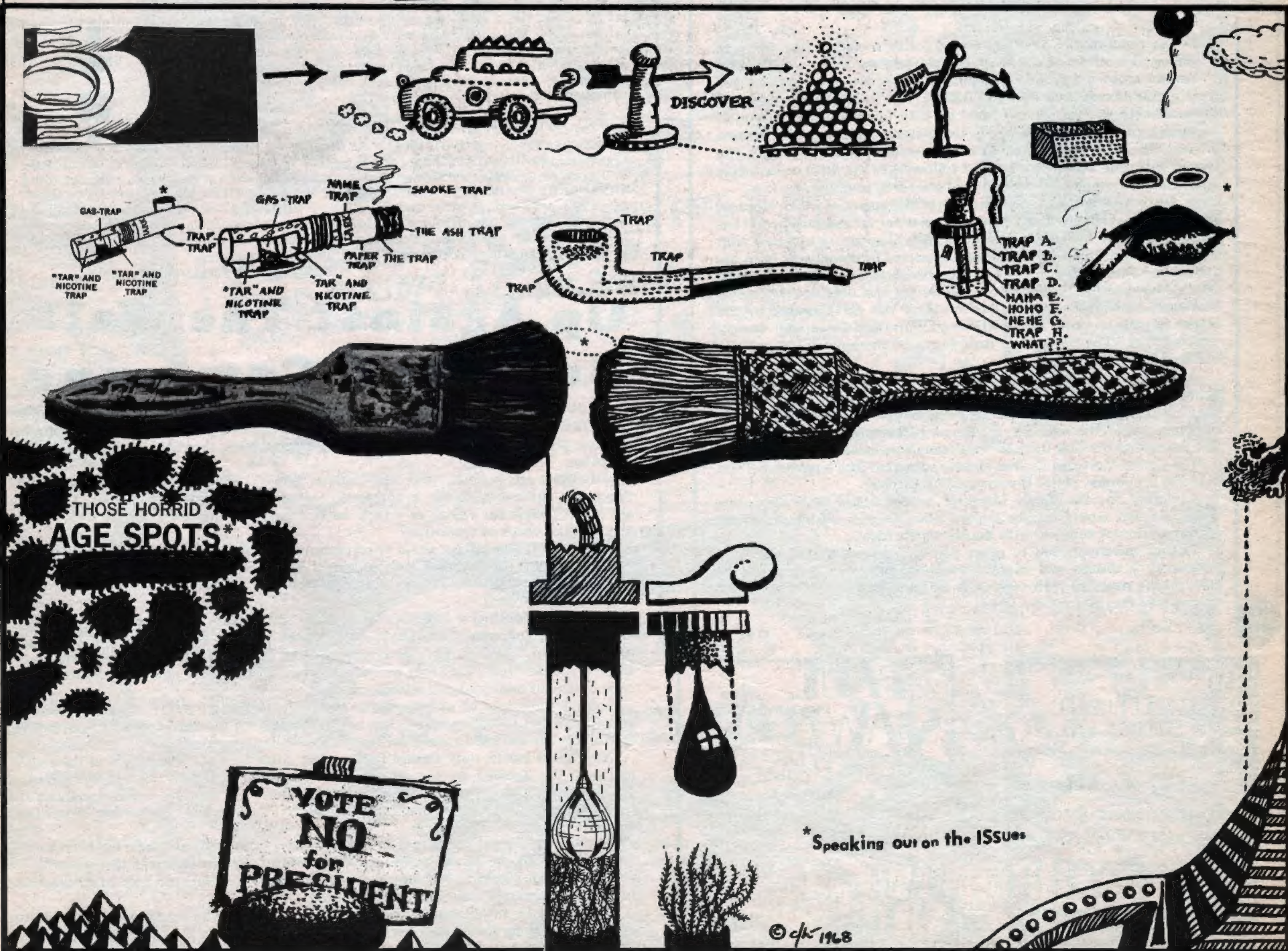
The judge was a heavy man in a big desk, but sounded fairly nice and after all, he HAD dismissed the case against the people before me. The Brutal and Honest sat somewhere to my right, and the pews were off in front of me.

The judge went through his, "to wit, a harmonica," bit and his "loud and unnecessary noises" bit and told me that it could cost me 90 days and/or three hundred dollars (after some discussion — courtroom of some kind thought it was \$500 while the judge himself had thought it was \$100, but they finally worked it out and all without recourse to law libraries.) I was pretty much amazed, not only that someone had managed to memorize the penalty for flagrant Harmonica Violations (and they probably don't find above five offenders per year) but THREE MONTHS? MY MOTHERFUCKING GOODNESS!! So the judge asked me whether or not I would plead guilty, and I allowed as how I would, and he began looking a little more benevolent.

He asked if I were employed. When the arresting police had asked me the same question, I'd said no, but this time a possible extended jail sentence was riding on it, and I went over everything I did that could conceivably be listed as a job. Standing there in ripped denim jacket and holed boots and I went through journalism (he asked me what sort of things I wrote) and my KRAB show and the ODC where I missionary to poor drug filled Alienated Young People. I was about to tell him about playing harmonica although no one would ever give me any money for it, and offering my services for any bar mitzvahs, bas mitzvahs or suttees which he might hold in the future, but I finally didn't because he might suspect me of being facetious.

The Judge gazed down upon my bended head and made a brief statement about my realizing the "gravity" — I think that was the word he used; he sort of mumbled it under the circumstances wouldn't you — of my crime — and dismissed the case. I thanked him and went home. Just then a bolt of lightning struck the courthouse out of shape.

9





JIVE ASS HONKY LEFT!

In America today, even this man can buy a gun.

Another carnival of left politics:

It seems the respectable left organizations (YSA, PLP, SDS, PFP, ISC) never tire of providing entertainment for the bourgeoisie — and worse, keep trying to rechannel any really radical energies back into their bullshit forms. Their self-styled "revolutionary" attitudes, based supposedly on Marxism (antique 19th century ideology), certainly aren't reflected in their life-styles — just ask one for a buck or a fuck... And now that Huey is convicted what will they do??? Sadly, we all know, they'll have another rally, they'll picket death row, they'll march on the courthouse, they'll shift from their tv armchairs to auditorium armchairs; while they sit righteously clucking like hens, disapproving of the "terrorists & provocateurs" who are taking care of business. And in the absence of any relevant politics they make false separations & throw around labels. Well, who are the saboteurs & the terrorists??? We are. All of us who will sabotage the foundations of amerika's fucked up life; all of us who strike terror in the heart of the bourgeois honkies & all their armchair bookquoting jive-ass honky leftists/white collar radicals who are the VD of the revolution.

And if there's a panther or french student on the stage talking at them, they go home feeling radical, as if revolution were a disease you could get by association... The only thing a liberal or honky leftist is good for is to throw between me & the pig/or to jack up for lunch money. And when the people on the street realize it they'll run the bastards back to their tv sets.

At the same time we must understand the role these organizations have played. PFP has rallied elements of the white community to the "support" of the besieged Panthers/ but the time for support is over, not to speak of the time to stop playing with bourgeois forms of electoral politics. And YSA rallies have provided a focus for street energies, but rallies & pickets won't stop the racist pig oppressor.

What we have to realize is that these early levels of struggle have been transcended by the development of the struggle itself. Chicago reveals a higher form of street event & the bomb on Telegraph reveals another, while Cleveland's ambush offers an altogether higher plain, moving us towards real (not metaphorical) guerrilla struggle... But at our present stage of development the issue is not whether we should take to the streets, finding some form of mass expression, RATHER than engage in clandestine activity. There is no separation in the revolutionary movement. Every act is assimilated into the struggle, if it furthers the revolt... We must be flexible to rally one day & bomb the next. And we must find new forms for massing & moving in the street at the same time as we create alternative modes of actions when street action is impossible.

And in France we saw that the worker student alliance didn't come about because the workers responded to traditional left forms of organization, but because they saw students & street people moving the struggle to a real level of confrontation in the streets. And in a post-industrial world, what have the traditional leftists to offer workers who know that their work is meaningless. C protestant work ethic. They still can't understand struggling for higher wages & better working conditions calling for total unemployment and the new man, cybernation & free love on the streets.

But beyond these considerations the movement must... its actions. We do not take to the streets because we want free speech or free assembly (those are liberal demands)/ nor do we take to the streets in "support" of Chicago or Paris, or anywhere or anyone else (including "support" of Huey). We have our own struggle. We are fighting for ourselves/ for our community / for our very lives. The issue is not something other than ourselves / we are the issue. It is the liberation of our lives that we are fighting for / to liberate ourselves from tight assed bourgeois life, & it is our experience of the boredom & misery of american life that drives us to destroy it anywhere it confronts us. Berkeley Commune
Up Against The Wall/Motherfuck

burghers

In the wake of the Love U Festival comes an omen of a return to normalcy in Business- Community relations in the University District.

Several months ago the management of the Korea House changed their exotic boondoggle into the Burger Hut. Selling hamburgers and the usual drive-in fare, distinguished by their unique hickory flavor, at reasonable prices, unprecedented in the District, the Burger Hut became a mecca for the indiscriminating and penurious in quest of food. The Burger Hut soon acquired a faithful following of the most disreputable nature and became the inheritor of the great Deli tradition.

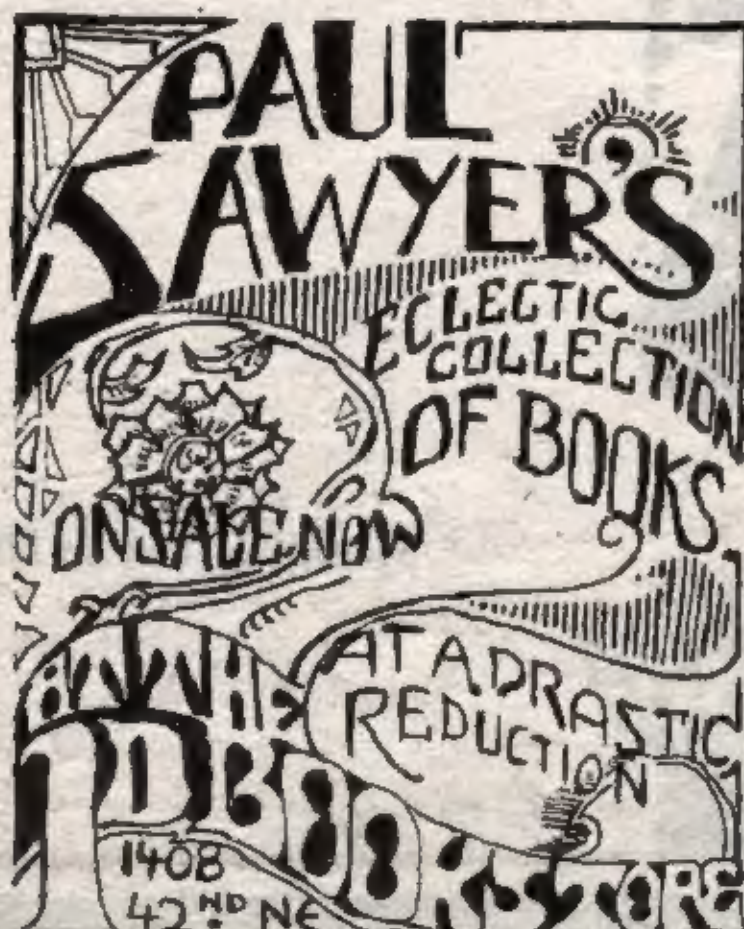
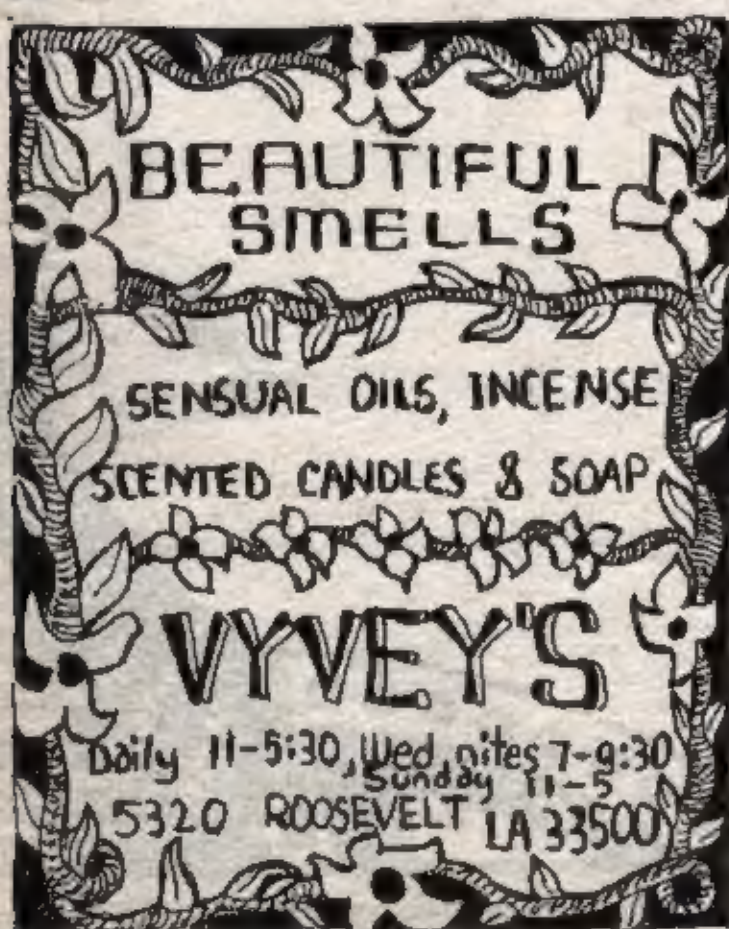
It also inherited the hassles. The Carrol Mortgage Co. which manages the building which the Burger Hut occupies for an absentee owner has notified the Hut that they are not pleased. They are not pleased with the Burger Hut's dominant clientele. Supported by complaints from the Unfinished Furniture store and the barber shop which flank the Hut, Carrol Mortgage has hinted that if the Burger Hut does not alienate its customers, their lease will be broken. This was corroborated by the owner of the U Paint Em. Unfinished Furniture Store who smugly asserted that "The Burger Hut isn't gonna be there much longer!" He declined further comment.

A possible tactic for Carrol Mortgage and its allies is to initiate lease abatement proceedings. To do this they must convince the Police and the City Council that by attracting a disreputable clientele which tends to congregate on the sidewalk, the Burger Hut creates a public nuisance. The Police and the City Council are already convinced.

The Carrol Mortgage Co. has already suggested that a substantial rise in prices is in order. Police Harassment is underway.

A victory for the Carrol Mortgage people would set a dangerous precedent and would clearly imperil other District businesses whose customers do not conform with the Northgate Ideal.

District merchants fail to grasp that any university community is necessarily a diverse and slightly freaky community. They prefer to cater to the needs of their own paranoid puritanism rather than to the community they supposedly serve.



Up Against The Wall Berkeley Commune

So now we are assured that the "street people" are cannibals too, dethroning their brothers in a fit of paranoia. Those who entertain the bourgeoisie can also be entertained by their progeny. And if fear entertains these masochists, then their basic premises must be rotten.

All forms are bullshit, both the antique 19th C. Marxism and the archaic 15th C. Provo-ism; content, as in life, is the scene, and all of us have our own thing. Try asking any street people for a buck or a fuck, to find out how empty is their life style — unless this is a false check of credentials.

The content I'm talking about is revolutionary change, both social and political. The bag is anarchic brotherhood and individual liberation, but it's a group thing, as the Commune is finding out. Yes, we must sabotage the foundations, but it's anyone's guess, or game, how to do it.

If there is clucking at terrorists on any side, it's because none of us dig the cops. As Gitlin said (S.F. Express-Times, 9-25-68): "Watch the man who casts the first stone. He may be a cop." Like Rubin's bodyguard in Chi, like the firebombing in Berkeley, etc. Even so, these "real" cats may be "adventurists" in that they pass our initiative to the cops, isolate us and cheat our intentions.

I don't think any of us oppose the isolated attacks (like ROTC bombings), but the street scene has to be organized. Just ask the French. Or the Blacks. The relevant politics are there — the tactical decisions are almost day-to-day decisions.

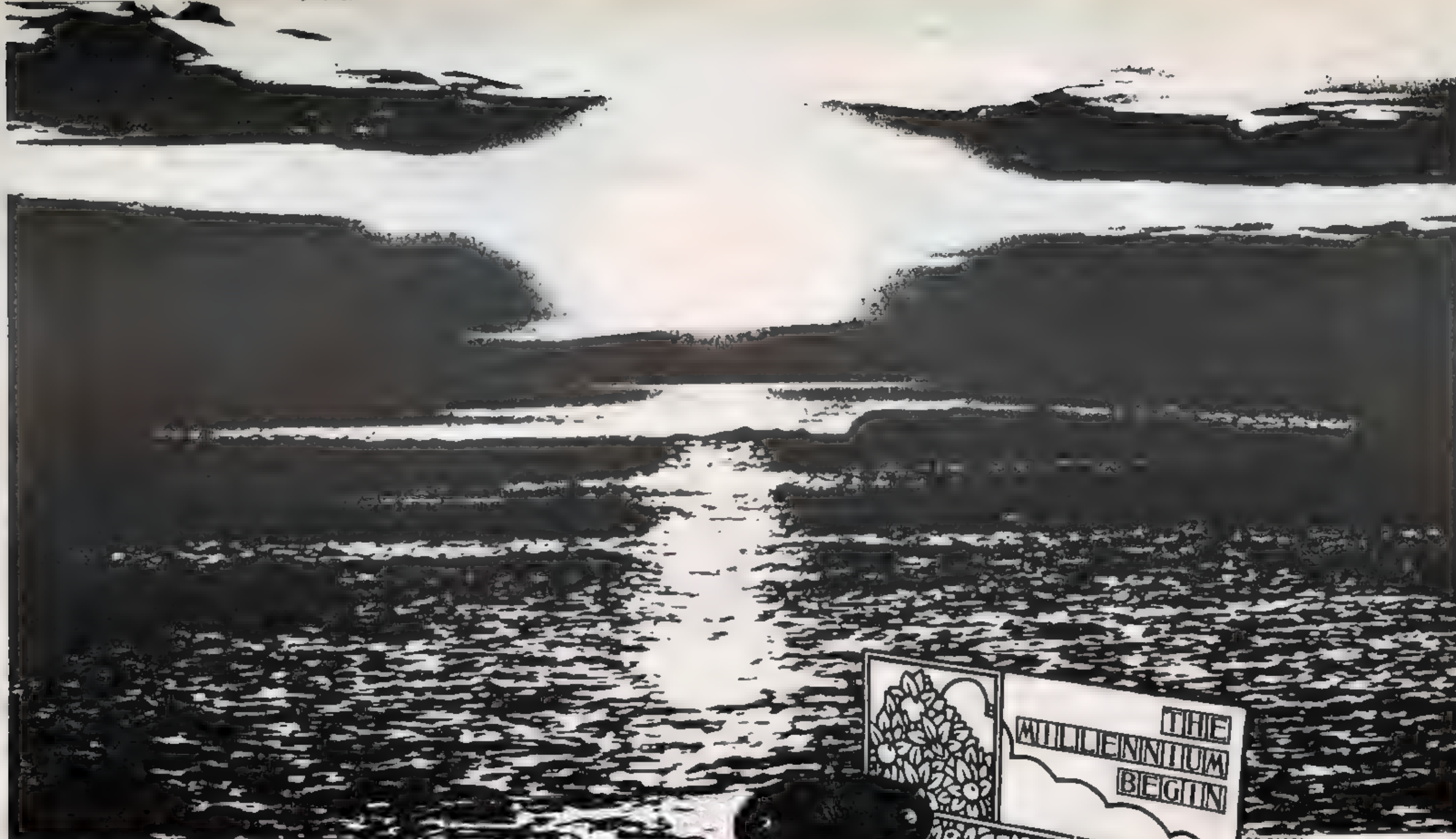
And in the battle, only strange fuck-ups are going to make separations of the people, and only the diseased are out to use each other. The struggle is massive, the gamut of possible tactics, to be run by the people as a whole. The struggle includes analyses and criticism, extending the arguments to the society, "supporting" each other in our joint struggle.

Possibly the biggest problem is an identity one. For the radicals, there has been a move to identify with the flower scene, as well as with their brothers around the world. We want to liberate ourselves and the people. If those who complain can help us, so much the better, however empty rhetoric is little in need.

Finally, as to automation/cybernation, I'd like to see the street people get off the consumption thing and into a creative thing. I'd like to see the Motherfuckers stop scaring themselves, and then put their action where their mouth is.

We indeed more of this love and less of this bullshit.

by Mike Lebowitz



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I BOUGHT PSYCHEDELIC POSTER LOVE

FRAYED THE BOTTOM HEMS OF MY CLOTHES

BEAD SHOP

BEAD SHOP

LEARNED THE JARGON

GRABBY

BUT THE DOPE SCENE STARTED DRAGGING ME DOWN..

I HAD BLOWERS.

TO HELL WITH ASIA'S STARVING MILLIONS.

GAAAAA

THEN ALONG CAME MEDITATION

WHY CHICK DUMPED ME WHEN I TOLD HER
TO GET RID OF THE BIRTH CONTROL PILLS.

FUCK OFF, SQUARE

WELL CAN YA DEAT THAT?
HER TOO.

HELL, I DONT GOT ALL THE ANSWERS, BUT IT SEEMS
TO ME, THERES MORE TO MAKING LOVE THAN JUST HAVING FUN.

THINK YOU'VE LEARNED ANYTHING
BY LISTENING TO MY STORY?
YOU SURE LOOK FUNNY, STANDING THERE

SLIPPIE-DE-JANINE PRODUCTIONS © JACQUES K. ROTKOPF

\$(\\$)!JDKRO!!)ç!)#(!OR!!!!!!111111

14



ELECTRIC mud

"They shot one dead, shot
Another in the same old way
Said they shot one Kennedy
Did another the same old way
Gunned down one McKinley years
Ago. Got another just yesterday."

(Hasty impromptu old blues
song)

"Miz Morganfield! Miz
Morganfield! Your boy McKinley
just plugged his Vox Superbeatle
wah-into-re the-wah verb fuzz 220
volt refrigerator and O my
Goddamn, Miz Morganfield COME
QUICK!"

What we have here appears to be
a Psychedelic Muddy Waters record.
It seems. On CHES (Muddy's old
record company: at least they have
a sense of humor about the whole
thing - the enclosed booklet of
Muddy in curlers and various stages
of a process is announced on the
album cover as, "Eight pager inside.
Lotsa pictures.")

N.S.S. John Bixler (who's a
Deejay & ought to know) figures it
to be Chicago's equivalent of the
groovy rock group which plays a
tavern and is beset with calls of
Louie Louie til, at the end of the
evening, they succumb. "Alright
fuckers, here's Louie for you!"

No record collection can be
considered well founded without it.
Not only for the sound, (which is
always messy, sometimes groovy &
100% CURIOUS) but for the eight
pager and even more for the
gatefold (reproduced here) of
Muddy in Donovan robes and
shiteating embarrassed grin. The
gatefold, incidentally, is the reason
I'm writing this - the Editor saw it,
decided he HAD to print it and told
me to write something appropriate.

The record itself contains a
version of "Hoochie-Coochie Man,"
written by Willie Dixon though it's
virtually Muddy's theme song, with
all sorts of strange & blaring sounds
- several points Muddy seems
hesitant about the vocal phrasing of
a piece he's probably done 3,000
times. Oddly enough, the album
also contains a version of "I'm a
Man," Bo Diddley's lyric variation
on the same music and theme,
which is done far more cleanly.
Also there is a version of the
Stones' "Let's Spend the Night
Together" which I didn't recognize
til it was half over. "Same Thing" is
a low down (pretty much) blues
with a flute riff which sounds like
"My girl, talking 'bout my girl,"
which sounds in turn, I suddenly
discovered, something like "I Got
Rhythm."

There are no band credits: a
piano run is fluid enough to be
Spann, tho who does the freaky
organ, flute and saxophone, I
wouldn't know. An unfounded
guess would be Zappa...

If you listen - and not too hard
- you can hear stuff copped from
Cream, stuff copped from Hendrix
and I thought there was a snicker
from maybe Nitrous Oxide in the
background, tho I may be wrong...

Buy it; if you can get over the
grin, you can hang the gatefold on
your wall. If you get over the fact
that it's a travesty, you might even
enjoy some of the music...

J. Cunnick



STAR

John Ullman of
Seattle Folklore
Society LISTENS:



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BAD

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STOP US NOW

one little interview



The five of us; Mark, whose VW bus had just been parked for a penny courtesy of Ranier beer; Randy and his old lady; a Scottish chick who said she was Donovan's cousin; and myself, Not So Straight John; headed for the hotel to interview Donovan.

The interview turned out to be a small press conference with Robin Sherwood of KOL, Pat McDonald of the PI, our Helix task force and one or two other people. We were hoping that identities of interviewer and interviewee would not be assumed but the room had been set up with Donovan on one side of the table and the rest of us in a semi-circle on the other side and it started immediately on a question and answer basis. Using a water tumbler for a mike stand we set up our temporarily liberated KRAB tape recorder and sat back and listened, asking only a few questions.

HELIX: Are you doing anything with the Beatles as regards Apple?

DONOVAN: Well, I'm already contracted for another 1 and 1/2 years to records and publishers, but I entertain the idea. I have been asked to go in Apple but I can't go in right away. Maybe I will. I think we should all get under one roof. It's the best way. We can all record together. The idea is to attract new singers who're not going to get screwed. They'll get a fair deal. The main idea is so that everyone can sing together... It'd be great. You get all the different people from all different groups and all different types of sounds playing together...

HELIX: On the early albums you used to do things like ballad of the Crystal Man and others numbers about protest. Why not any longer?

DONOVAN: Because that was small minded thinking that I could protest like that, when we don't have to protest but contribute and be productive. We should not put down something that should only have our sympathy and not our slander.

HELIX: Did this come with the Maharishi?

DONOVAN: No, many years before. I dropped protest three years ago....

HELIX: Do you still have the warning on your last album about drugs?

DONOVAN: Yeah. It's a very non-productive thing taking drugs. Makes you sit down. Too many people hanging out on Sunset strip or little rooms with the red lights getting high and doing nothing. Stinking. Freaking out and things like that. I mean you've got to get a little bit productive. Get high from regular things.

HELIX: Do you prefer any particular political philosophy?

DONOVAN: No feelings politically at all.

HELIX: What about revolution?

DONOVAN: There's gonna be a lot of bad things happening as well as a lot of good things happening, but we've gotta accept it... It's just the friction of a change. And to be the most productive in the change, you mustn't get violent, you must sit back and watch. When you're involved in the violence you can't understand what's happening. I think they're all together and their fighting for this one thing, but they don't need to fight,

they are that thing.

HELIX: Do you agree with the context of the Beatles song "REVOLUTION?"

DONOVAN: Yes, I don't think anyone was thinking too seriously about it when they wrote it. I think they got the idea of a couple of lines and tried it together with evolution and disillusion and all those words. It's just the term and the melody. I think all the students feel together in this. Great. They shouldn't feel together that they should have to revolt. You're not fighting society when you're fighting the policemen in the street. He's just a man who's getting paid so much a week to do that.

HELIX: Do you have any children?

DONOVAN: Yes, one.

HELIX: What sign is he?

DONOVAN: The same as me.

HELIX: What sign is that?

DONOVAN: Taurus.

bremerton

changing times



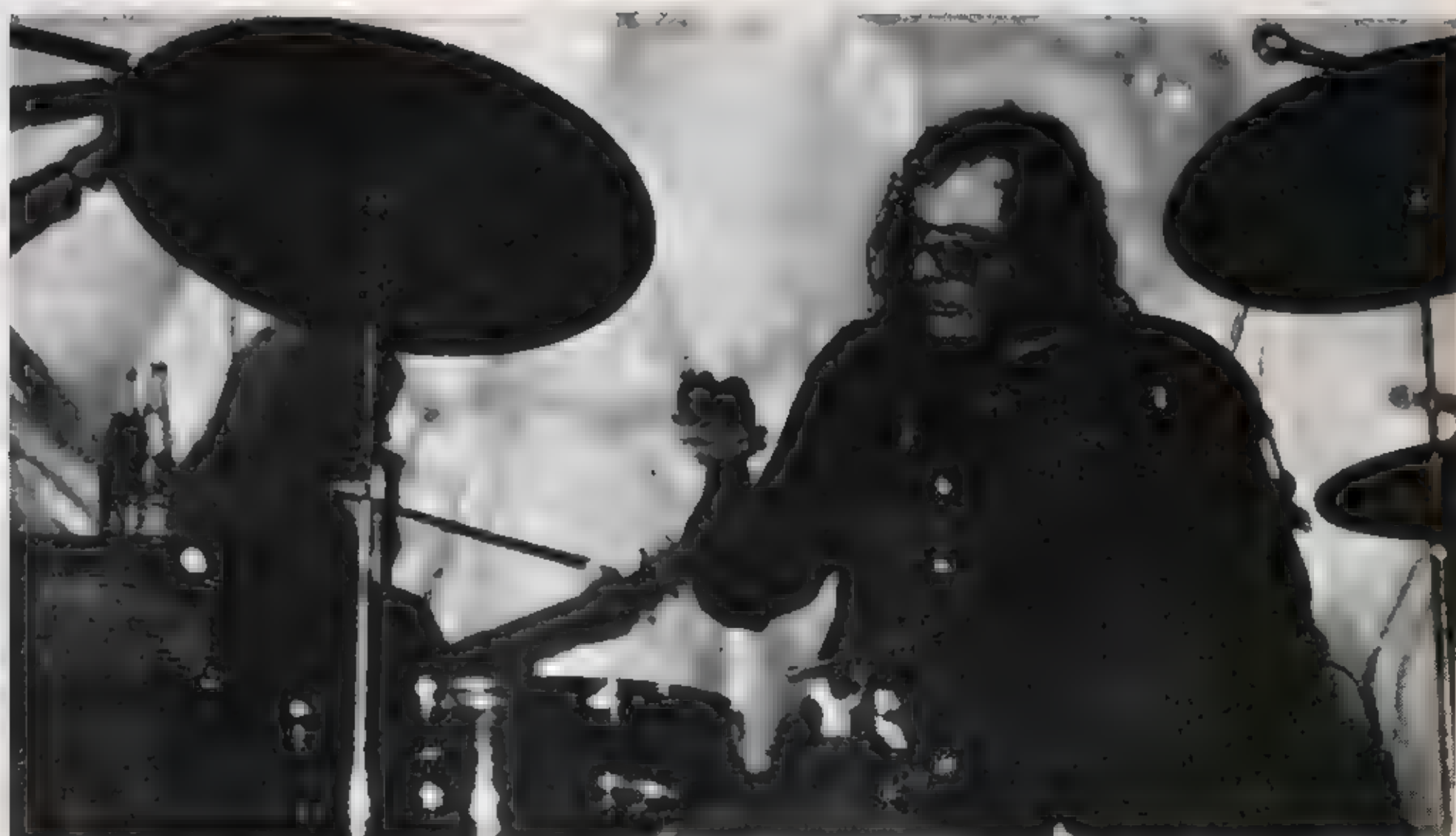
festival

Bremerton had its second annual Changing Times Festival last weekend. Sponsored by the Liberated Zone, a living group, and the First Church of Christ Esoterica, it was a benefit for blacks, Indians, and a Bail Fund. Seen in the picture above is part of Funk, one of the bands that played. They were also responsible for the balloon and the car, which was smashed the next day. On Saturday only 200 or so people gathered in the grandstands at Roosevelt Field and they spent much of their time hiding from the rain. It was not rated as much of a success but those there had a good time.

do benefit

Sunday night Draft Resistance sponsored a benefit at Eagles Auditorium. They lost about \$600. Bands included the Floating Bridge, Byron Pope, and International Brick. However, Draft Resistance hopes to recoup some of their losses at a benefit showing of the film "Battle of Algiers" at the Ridgmont Theater on the nights of Oct 15 and 16 and matinee shows on the 17th 18th and 19th.

Victoria



Victoria, B.C. has no street scene but it does have a scene. Local dance place, Nine in the Fifth Place, has small informal atmosphere and good music. Manager-Owner, Craig Scott, is more concerned with people having a good time than with making money. The Drummer in the picture plays with a local Victoria Group called As Sheriff; he ran for parliament in the last election (and lost). Victoria is a good place to go!

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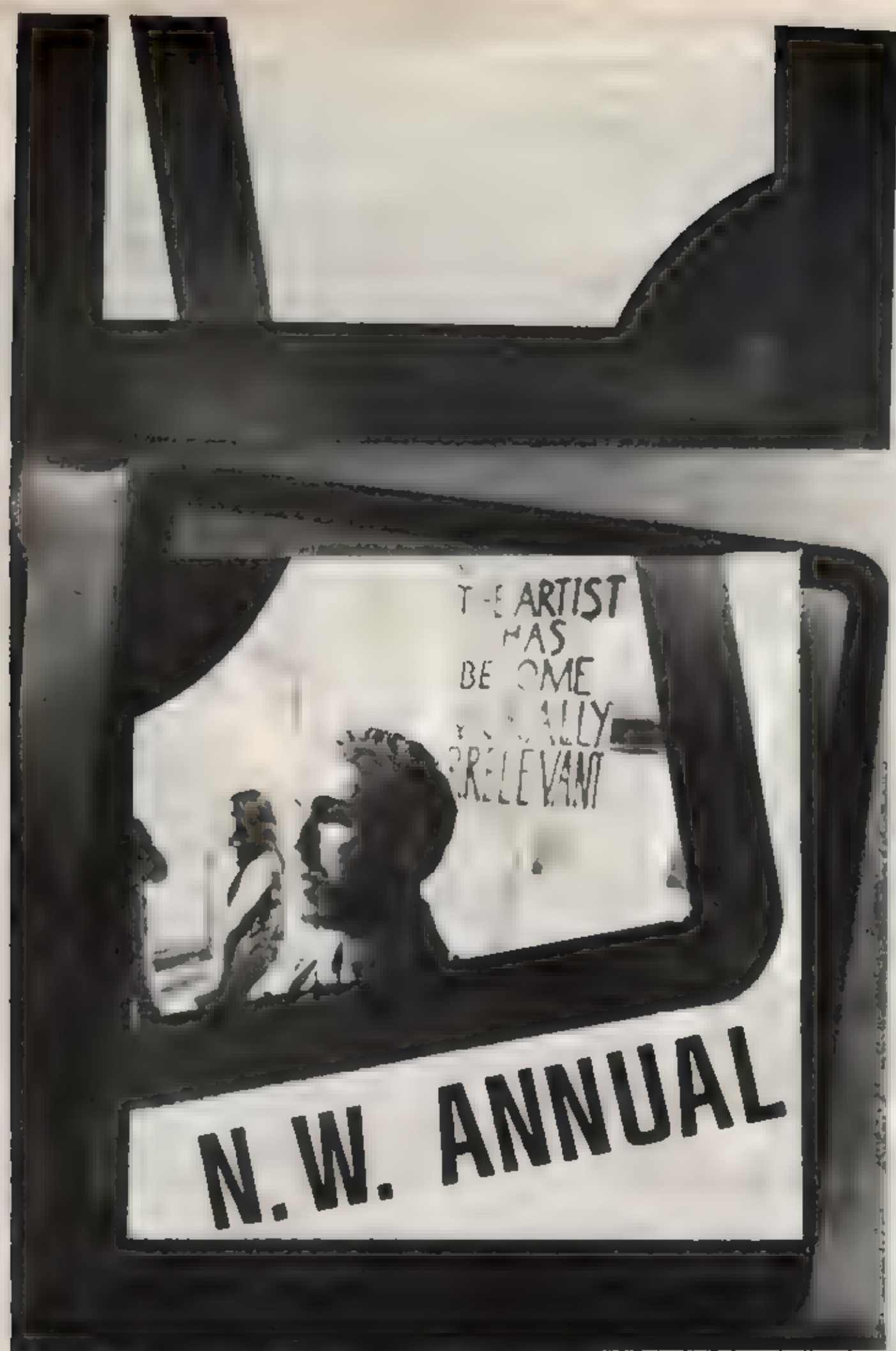
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The congregation of critics and critics of critics and critics of critics of critics gathered together by invitation only to preview this year's Northwest Annual Outside and uninvited stood Raymond Vanderwater protesting with a stacatto persistence the morally irrelevant artist. It wasn't that Raymond - a Fulbright dropout - wanted all those paintings inside the Seattle Center's gallery to exhibit realistic scenes of injustice and revolution but that he wanted the artists that created them to spend less time in the studio and more time on the streets. "You have to do something outside of your art in order that you may have your art."

Inside artists and patrons sipped cokes, snacked on crackers and bumped about from painting to painting discussing which were derivative and which were not. (Meanwhile there was fighting in the streets of Mexico City and some confusion about whether Sequeros was or was not in jail.)

And again inside, I circled somewhat dazed scratching for the memory of any old critical opinion I might have had a few years back when I was painting. Unable to resurrect any critical reflex I sought the aid and comfort of Paul Heald: one of whose paintings hung in the exhibit. Quietly he led me to the few he liked and quietly we stood before them. But soon we were interrupted by the promise of a media I stir to better. Lorenzo Milam, Campaign manager for Richard Green Republican candidate for Land Commissioner, invited me to Green's first official news conference to be held this October 16th in the Blue Moon Tavern at 2 p.m. Milam soon had me reacting to some of Green's promises if elected including the giving up of Eastern Washington to Idaho. Then my reactions were interrupted by the faintly inebriated and decidedly crooked smile of the infamous Don Scott advising me that it was not polite to slobber on the gallery floor. I, in turn, brushed the spittle with my foot and quieted to an interested inspection of the glaze the saliva spread across the tile.

PAUL DORPAT



Art Criticism
Kunstkritik



A SMALL GROUP OF PEOPLE GATHERED TOGETHER ON TUESDAY THE TWENTY-FOURTH OF SEPTEMBER IN FISH CAMP NEAR LA CONNER, WASHINGTON, TO CELEBRATE THE JOINING IN HOLY MATRIMONY OF TERRIFIC TERRY AND MAX ST. CHEROKEE. THE CEREMONY WAS PERFORMED BY PAUL SAWYER AND CAPTAIN SHAZAM WAS OVERSEER OF THE FESTIVITIES, WHICH WERE HELD IN A SMALL MUSHROOM PATCH BENEATH AN IRIDESCENT BLUE SKY, WERE FILLED WITH MUCH MIRTH AND MERRY MAKING, AND INCLUDED AN INDIAN STYLE SALMON BAKE.

ONE

TWO

bread, wine, song,
fruit, fallen leaves,
cheese, daisies,
monty joining hands,
blue ousley icing,
dogs, children,
robin, joyce,
together.



ABCS-647

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The Fraternity of Man

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THE DIRECTOR OF TRAFFIC

WELCOME TO THE 'WORLD AS IT IS' TONIGHT WE HAVE WITH US IN THE STUDIO, THE 'DIRECTOR OF EVERYTHING THAT CAN POSSIBLY MOVE.' AS APPOINTED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. HE HAS KINDLY REQUESTED TO ANSWER SOME OF OUR QUESTIONS.

1.

Now could you tell us, Director, WHAT EXACTLY YOUR WORK ENTAILS AS REGARDS THE GENERAL PUBLIC ETC....

Yes, well, I AM IN CHARGE OF THE DIRECTING OF EVERY OBJECT THAT MOVES INTO MY SIGHT WHEREVER I HAPPEN TO BE AT ANY TIME

2.



FOR EXAMPLE, ANY CAR OR PEDESTRIAN THAT PASSES ME BY, I GESTICULATE AND GUIDE IT IN THE DIRECTION THAT IT HAPPENS TO BE GOING AT THE TIME.



RATHER LIKE A TRAFFIC COP?

NOT REALLY, IN THE CASE OF THE TRAFFIC COP, THE DRIVERS AND PEDESTRIANS, AWAIT THE SIGNAL TO MOVE. BUT IN MY CASE, THEY ARE ALREADY MOVING, I MERELY ENCOURAGE THEM TO KEEP GOING! I TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY ON MYSELF FOR THEIR DECISION TO GO IN A CERTAIN DIRECTION!



4.



WHAT IS THE PURPOSE IN TAKING RESPONSIBILITY FOR THEIR DECISION?

IN ORDER THAT THEY WILL NOT BLAME THEMSELVES FOR HAVING GONE IN A WRONG DIRECTION, AND IN ORDER THAT THEY FEEL THAT THEIR DECISION IS SANCTIONED BY OFFICIAL APPROVAL



SO WHEN YOU WALK DOWN A STREET YOU BUSILY DIRECT EVERYTHING THAT PASSES YOU BY?

YES! CARS WOMEN WITH PRAMS DOGS, EVERYTHING!



6.



THIS MUST BE PRETTY EXHAUSTING?

INDEED IT IS, I'M TRYING TO ORGANIZE A CORP OF ASSISTANTS TO MANAGE BUSY AREAS. MY PREDECESSOR DIED OF EXHAUSTION



HOW MANY ASSISTANTS WOULD YOU NEED?

IDEALLY, ONE FOR EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE COUNTRY! EACH CITIZEN WOULD HAVE HIS OWN PERSONAL DIRECTOR. I'M SURE IT WOULD CUT DOWN THE CRIME RATE, SUICIDE RATE, RIOTS ETC. BECAUSE IF EACH PERSON HAD A GOVERNMENT PAID DIRECTOR ENCOURAGING HIM HE WOULD FEEL AS IF HE WERE PERFORMING A PUBLIC SERVICE.



8.

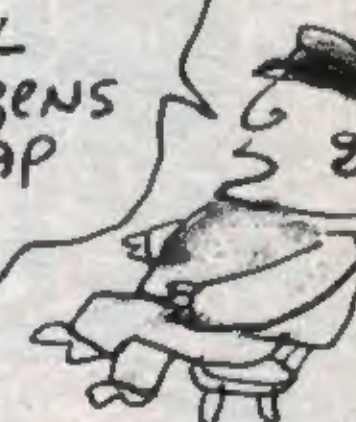


OF COURSE THE ASSISTANTS WOULD UNDERGO RIGOROUS TRAINING, SO THAT THEY CAN PRESENT AN IMAGE OF RESPONSIBILITY TO ITS CITIZENS, AND AN ATTITUDE OF DETACHED APPROVAL, TO RELIEVE THE CITIZEN OF ANY GUILT FEELINGS, IF, FOR EXAMPLE, HE CROSSES AT A RED LIGHT.



WOULD ANY PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS DEVELOP BETWEEN CITIZENS AND DIRECTOR?

WELL, HOPEFULLY NOT THE DIRECTOR SHOULD ONLY COMMUNICATE IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY. CITIZENS MAY EVEN SWAP DIRECTORS IF THEY CHOOSE.



(exchange)

10.



How would you select your directors?

WELL, ALL APPLICANTS WOULD UNDERGO A QUESTIONNAIRE TO SEE WHETHER THEY ARE, INDEED SUITABLE TO BECOME DIRECTORS, OR WHETHER THEY SHOULD STAY CITIZENS TO BE DIRECTED. IDEALLY THE WHOLE POPULATION WOULD BE TESTED.



INCIDENTALLY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PREDECESSOR?

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF HIS PROGRAMS WENT TO HIS HEAD. HE STARTED A GOVERNMENT SPONSORED PROJECT INVOLVING THE CONSTRUCTION OF OFFICE BUILDINGS ON WHEELS, SO PEOPLE COULD BE DIRECTED IN BULK. HE WAS RELIEVED OF HIS POSITION, EVENTUALLY, WHEN HE HAD A FREEWAY BUILT ON WHEELS, AND STARTED DIRECTING IT IN A DIRECTION OPPOSITE TO THE CARS THAT WERE ON IT. CONSEQUENTLY, EVERYTHING STAYED IN THE SAME PLACE.



m. Zemon

12.

AFTER A SMALL DELAY...

THE VTOL CARRYING THE FISH WHICH SWALLOWED Ω-84, ELECTRIC WOMB AND ALL, ARRIVES AT DR. SCHWARZHERZ'S STRONGHOLD IN THE MIDST OF THE SPRAWLING GHETTO.



TO THE KITCHEN WITH IT, MORON!



ORESTES, DR. SCHWARZHERZ'S PERSONAL COOK

LAYING OPEN THE BLOATED FISH, SHE MAKES A STARTLING FIND!

A BOMB! WAIT... IT'S AN ELECTRIC WOMB... IT COULDN'T BE?! IT MUST BE... IT HAS TO BE!!!



BZZZZZZZ CLICK



ORESTES HIDES Ω-84 IN HER ROOM BUT THAT NIGHT...

GOOD EVENING

BURP

ZIT ZIT BZZZZZ ZOT

DR. SCHWARZHERZ! FANCY MEETIN' YOU HERE



SLAM

ORESTES! COME TO ME!



DROOL SLURP



MEANWHILE, IN THE CLOSET...
DIT SIZZLE FAP
BZZZZZZZZZZ
ZOT HUM
DING DING DING
LUNK PIP



WHAAAAAAAH!

SNORT... WHAT WAS THAT?!?

GASP... WHAT WAS WHAT?

WILL Ω-84 BE DISCOVERED?
WILL ORESTES BE CRUSHED TO DEATH BY DR. SCHWARZHERZ?
CONTINUED...

Ω-84

created by
TIM HARVEY &
WALT CROWLEY

UNCLASSIFIED

LOST AT SULTAN coin purse with bread and keys. Pat at AT 2-6982.

THE SECRET is, the defenders of the establishment are as sick of it as you are. You who like to make money without losing your freedom can help me help some of them get out of the trap. It really works...a nice, clean business where everybody does his own thing, and everybody has all the money they need. Call Peg, ME 2-2522.

WHITE SWINGING couple with liberal interest, would like to meet colored swinging couple with liberal interests. Write E & B, Box 7169, Seattle 98133.

FIGURE MODEL wanted. \$25 per hour. P.O. Box 1402, Everett, Washington 98201.

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NEED DRAFTING table, broken o.k. Headquarters 3250 Eastlake. ED K. CALL or come home. Everything will be all right. MOM

1939 INTERNATIONAL TRUCK, camper 1/2 ton pickup, excell. condition, inside and out. \$275 or best offer LA 4-5380.

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\$50 Apt., You fix. Gay Male Only. 30 plus. GL 4-0957.

ANYONE KNOWING KATH Leightley, 5'2", blonde, blue eyes, have her please call home or contact her mother at MA 3-2337

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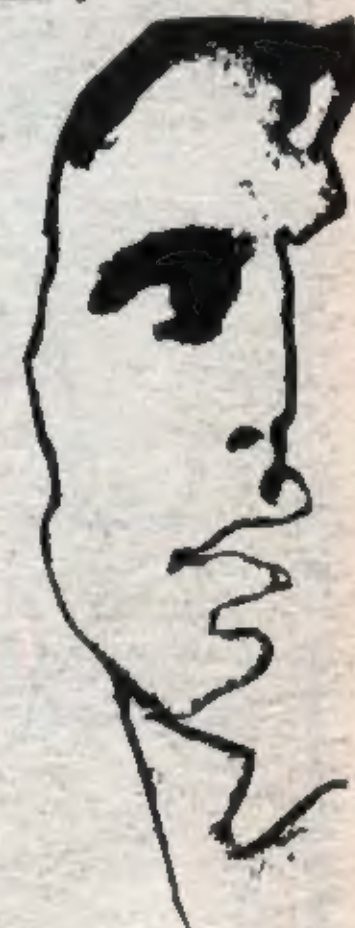
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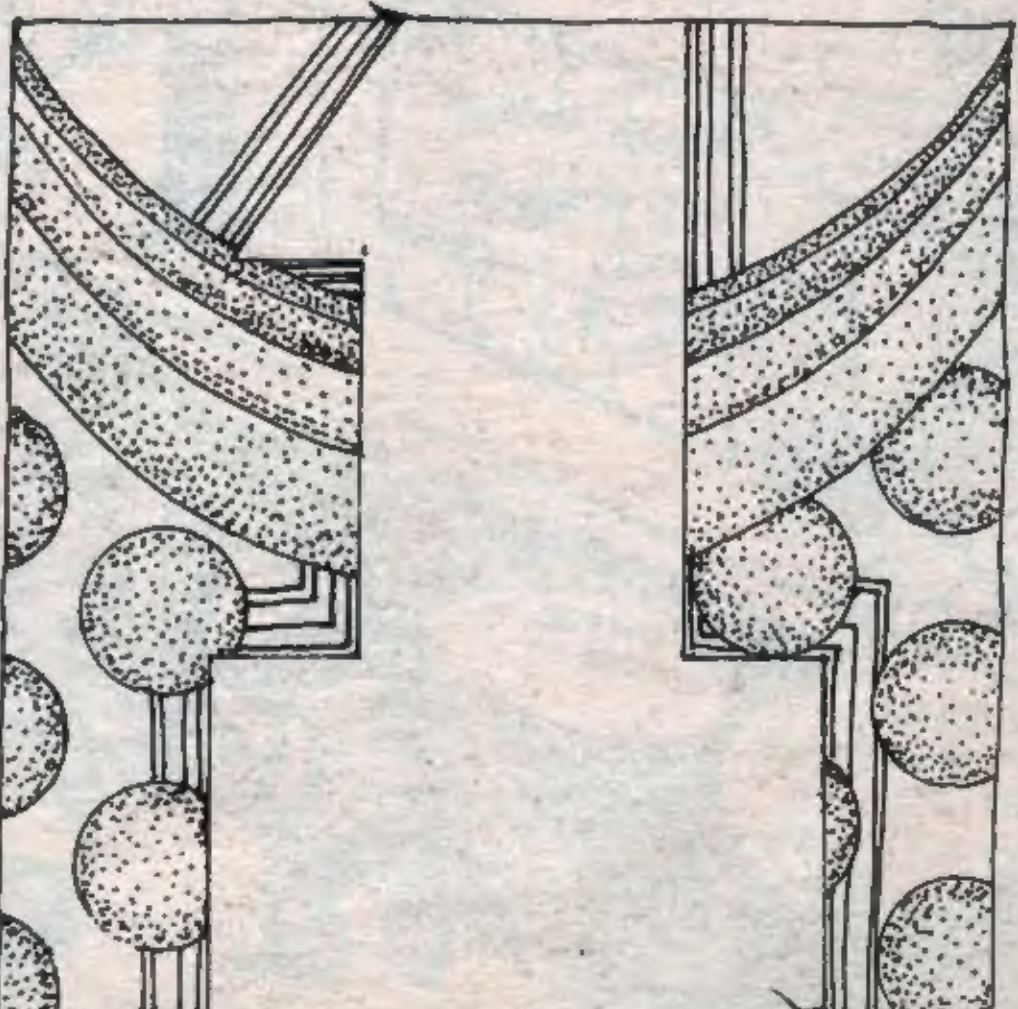
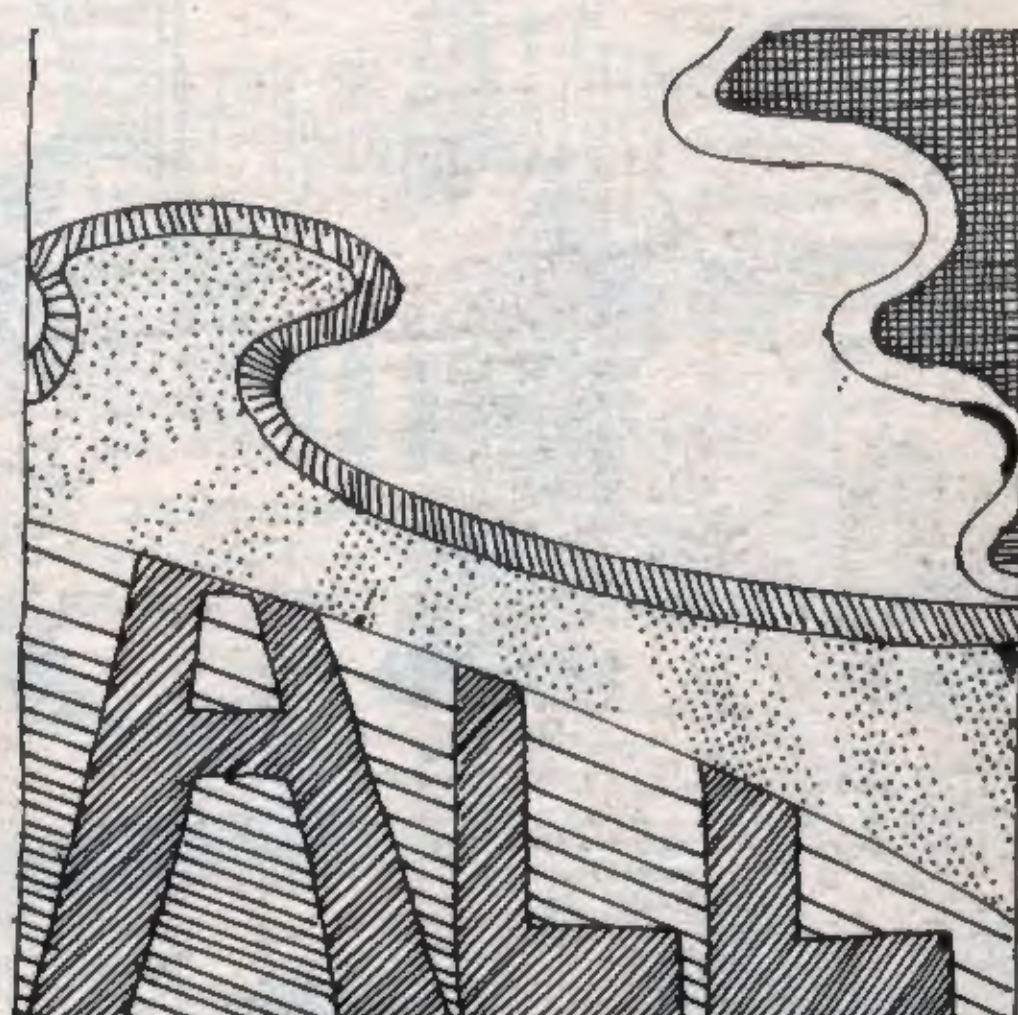
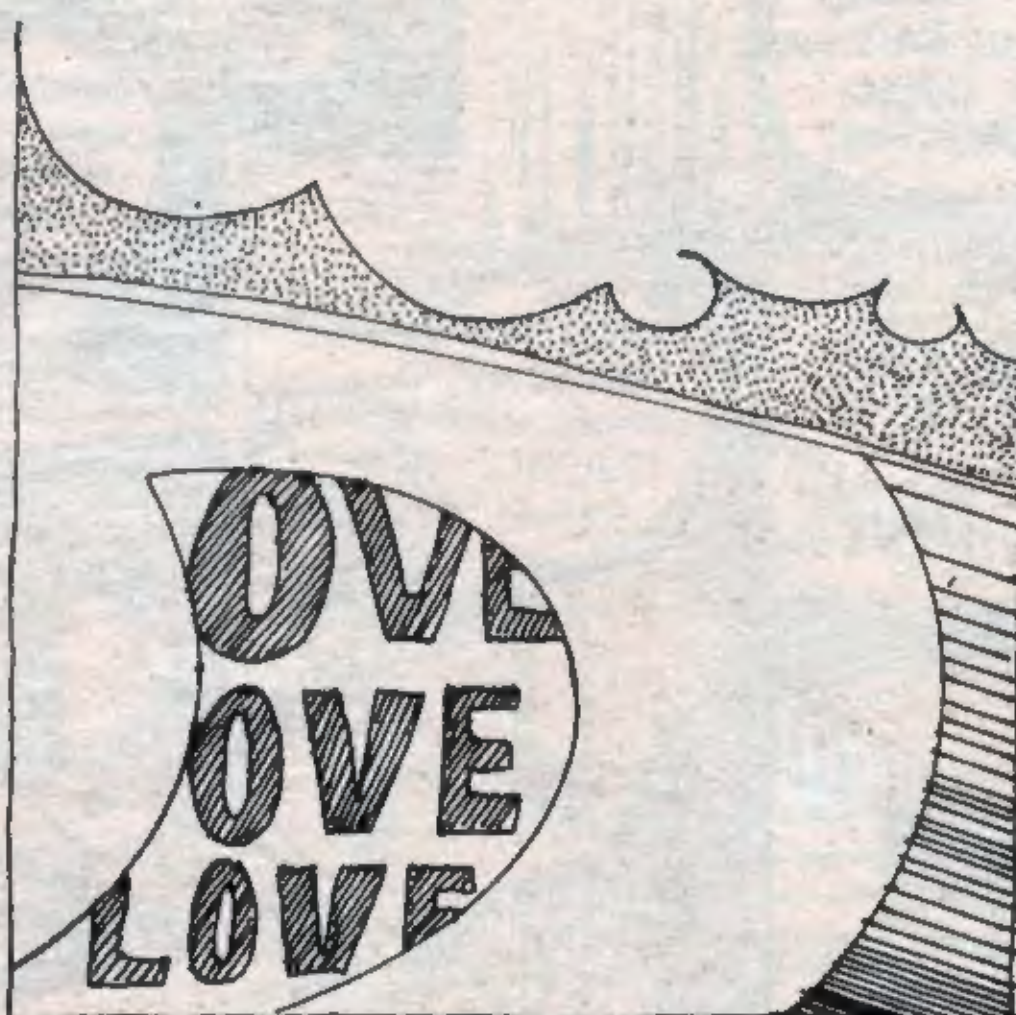
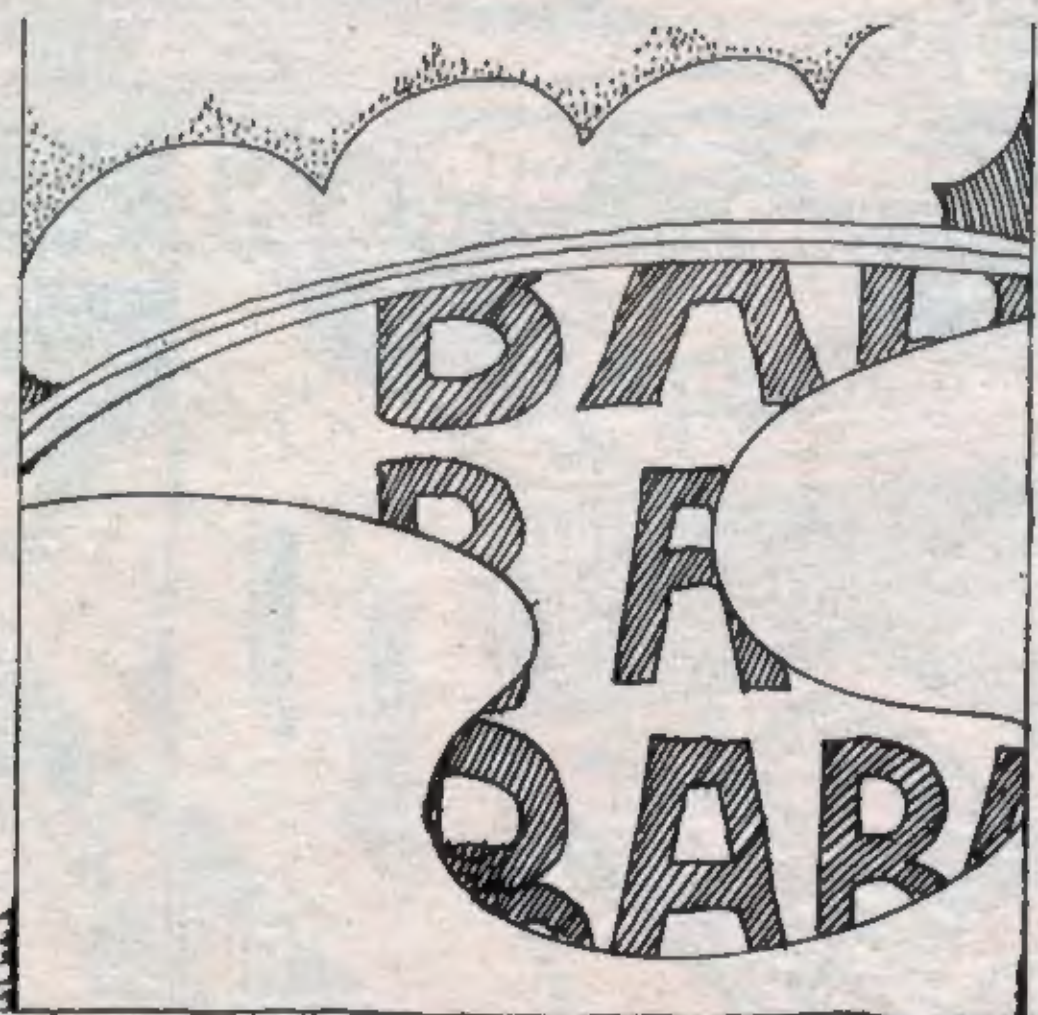
Interested students from Highline Community college approached Robbie Stern, requesting his assistance in forming a chapter of Students for a Democratic Society at their school. Robbie agreed. The students then talked with school officials about the idea. They were told that under no circumstances would SDS be allowed anywhere near the Highline campus and if Stern attempted to visit or speak on campus, he would be arrested as soon as he entered school property. Such is the wisdom of those who guard against "irresponsibility" and "facism".

NOTICE:

BURN ARTIST AT THE MONARCH
For the past two months at the Monarch Apts. at 5236 Brooklyn N.E., there has been a series of burn incidents, apparently organized. The techniques have taken varied forms. Sometimes a fictitious apartment number is given, sometimes it is in the front door and out the other. The BAs have gone to the point of setting up a burn with a pre-arranged getaway car. However all burns seem to have been in some way connected with an apartment in the Monarch, or perhaps several, but the main point is that the Monarch is the staging scene for burn operations. Just how big a thing in number of artists is not known, but at least four different people have said that the number of obvious victims hanging around the Monarch has been considerable, if not beyond counting. So, on the Captain Midnight Code-O Graph number for Burn, you will notice please a warning signal BURN BABY BURN STOP MONARCH STOP!!!



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WM. WARD